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ROSALIND HUBERT;

OR,

THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES, JR.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

* * * * * * *

We must go back now to the previous evening, just to find out what engagements the individual, who was to be visited by our friends from the country, had on hand. Just at dark—when the night had fairly shut in—Thomas Goodam let his horse into the very wood-path, on the east side of the hill, which he had used once before for the same purpose. He secured the animal in the same tree as before, and then walked up the hill. When he came in sight of the farm-house he crept along under the wall—so as to the barn-yard fence—and then around to the wood-shed—creeping still, like a snake—until he reached the kitchen window, where he hid among the sun-flowers. He listened attentively for an hour. He could hear but little of what was said within, but he heard something. He heard enough, at least, to know him that Peter and Albert had returned, and that their attention was directed towards himself. And he learned, too, that they had gained no clue to the whereabouts of the missing girl. He remained there until a movement in the kitchen startled him, and then he crept away; and having regained his carriage, and got it into the road, he jumped in and drove back to the city; but instead of going direct to his stable he stopped at the pawnbroker's.

Michael was just putting up his shutters, and when he had finished his work he poked his visitor in the shop, being careful to close the door as he came in, and turn the key.

"I don't want customers coming in and bothering after I'm shut up," he said, in explanation.

"That's all right," returned Goodam. "Are you at home, Michael?"

"Yes—and you're just in time if it's anything private."

"Well—it is private. Are we alone?"

"Perfectly."

"Come over here and sit down."

"You sit there, and I'll mount the counter. There."

The pawnbroker suited his action to the word, with the other sat down upon the settee.

"Michael—I know I can trust you."

There was no need for Goodam to tell Michael this, for Michael knew it very well. He knew that the broker must be in a very tight place, and that he dared not trust any one else. So he nodded his head, and said—

"Humph."

"You are sure no one is in the next room?"

"I am perfectly sure," returned the pawnbroker, complacently.

"Well—I'm in a hurry—life's late—and I'll out with my business at once. Do you know a fellow whom Barber once helped out of a scrape?"

"I know several. What kind of a scrape was it?"

"Never mind. He was called Dusty Dick."

"Oh, yes,—I know him. It was a murder-scrape Gabriel helped him out of. He got up an alibi."

"Yes—I think it was. But do you know what kind of a fellow he is?"

"I know something of him."

"But of his character?"

"It's north."

"I mean is he to be trusted in anything?"

"That depends upon what you're wanting to trust him with. I shouldn't want to trust him in my shop long—and alone."

"But is he reckless? Is he daring?"

"Is he ever by his?"

"And I suppose he would do almost anything for money?"

"Anything but honest work."

"He wouldn't even mind—my—to—commit highway robbery?"

"No—nor even to commit murder, for that matter."

Goodam started, but his emotion was quickly subdued.

"Michael, could you see this man for me?"

"I suppose so."

"Could you see him—my——"

"I think I could find him to-night."

"Good." I wish you would. Just see him, and tell him to come to my office early in the morning. Tell him to be there by seven o'clock. Will you do this?"

"Yes."

"Then that's all. Only tell him to keep it to himself."

"I'll tell him." And as Goodam left the shop the pawnbroker muttered to himself: "Egad, old fellow, you're playin' into your hands beautifully. I'll have a grip on them dollars o' yours. I know you've got 'em somewhere!"

Thomas Goodam drove to the stable, and gave up the horse, and then went home. In the morning he got up and ate breakfast alone, for his wife was quite sick; and when this was done he went to his office. Precisely at seven o'clock some one rapped upon his door, and he said, "Come in."

The visitor was a young man—not over thirty at the farthest—and might have passed for a gentleman but for a certain flashy look there was in his dress and ornaments. He was slight in frame, and certainly gave no indication of being a man of whom one need to be afraid. Yet he was an interesting study for those who knew him, and especially did he enlist the attention of the police.

SIMON PETER EXTRACTING HIS EYEGLASSES.

"I think you sent for me, sir," he said, taking a seat, and swirling his hat upon his thumb and forefinger. He had a very keen gray eye, and it was fixed searchingly upon the broker.

"You are——"

"I am Dusty Dick."

"Ah, yes. I did send for you. Who told you?"

"Mike Lordon."

The broker measured the fellow with his eye, and seemed to wonder whether there was stuff enough within so small a body for his purpose.

"Your name is——"

"Dusty Dick."

"But your real name?"

"That's according to circumstances," said the visitor, with a suggestive nod. "At present I have no other name. But say—if you want business, I'm your man."

Goodam had never been called upon to do such business with a perfect stranger before, and for a few moments he seemed at a loss how to proceed. But finally he plucked up his resolution. He had a desperate game to play, and he meant to play it.

"Well," he said, giving his chair a sort of preparatory hitch, "I do want business, and I want a trusty man to do it."

"And you'll pay him for it," suggested Dusty Dick.

"I will pay him well."

"Then I'm the man for you, sir; so there's no need of beating about the bush any more. Try me, and I'll do your work, if it's in a shape to be done. I can crack a crib; or I can crack a skull—only show 'em to me."

"You wouldn't mind cracking a skull, then?"

"Not a bit, if I was to be benefited by it. Would you?"

"No—oh—not if I was so situated that I could do it handily. But I am known to the party, and might not be able to get around him. He already mistrusts me."

"There no much the more need for you to keep out of his way, and pay me for doing him up," said Mr. Dusty Dick, philosophically. "Who is he? Where is the job to be done?"

"Perhaps in the city, perhaps in the country. But we'll fix that. It must be done in the——"

"Easiest and best way, and where it can be got under the quickest," finished Dusty.

"Exactly," assented the broker, who was beginning to feel more at his ease. There was something in the manner of his visitor that gave him confidence. "He stops only a few miles out from the city a part of the time. He has no family to them, or he might be dropped here. But I want you to see him first. He is——. Hark! That may be he now. I didn't expect him so early."

"There are two of 'em, sir," said Dusty Dick.

"He was to come alone, I thought. It may be only some one——"

Before the broker could finish his sentence the door was unceremoniously opened, and in walked John Peters and Simon Peter Drake. Goodam qualified for an instant as he met the gaze of the old sailor; but he called up his impudence at the hope of ultimate triumph came to his mind, and with a forced smile, he said:

"Ah, good morning, gentlemen—happy to see you." And then turning to Dusty Dick, he added—

"If I can raise the money on that mortgage for you I will do so. You may call in again."

Mr. Dusty Dick said it was all right; and having received a scrawling wink from the broker, and cast a knowing look upon the old sailor, he left the office. Simon Peter had noticed this mysterious interchanging, and he wondered what it meant.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PITCH OF A HUMAN LIFE!

Thomas Goodam changed color several times before a word was spoken. He tried to meet the gaze of the old sailor with a calm look, but he found that impossible. That old something in those eyes, which had so moved him before, had lost none of its startling power over him, and he quailed in spite of all his efforts to the contrary.

"Thomas Goodam," spoke Peters, after he had regarded the wretch as long as he wished, "I have not come to you on the present occasion to beglum or supplicate; nor have I time to waste. I wish you to tell me where Rosalind Hubert is."

This breaking of the painful silence helped the broker to his senses, and without hesitation he replied——

"Really, sir,—you have come to the wrong place to inquire."

"I want none of that," cried Peters, sternly. "I ask you to tell me where she is. You know, sir! You know very well where she has gone!"

"Upon my soul, sir, I do not."

"You lie, sir!"

"Be a little careful how you use your tongue to me, my dear sir!" exclaimed the broker, angrily.

"Don't mind me—don't interrupted Simon Peter, with his fists clenched upon his knees like two splitting mauls. "Put it by with just as yo like, as' of he dares to move a yop—dern him, let him dew it!"

"You'd like to teach yourself into a scrape, would you?" said Goodam.

"Now, Sy, be holy polar, I wouldn't!" retorted Simon, his whole face flushing with hate and indignation. "I know, I should, if I could scrape you out o' the world, you mean, deivellin', swankin', nasty, sinful, deformed, cheatin', old perpetrate, you!"

Here the boy had started up from his chair as he snapped out the concluding portion of his remarks, and at one moment he seemed to be upon the point of placing his hands upon the broker and choking him; but at a motion from his companion he sat down.

"Look at me, sir," the sailor said, turning to Goodam, "and tell me if you can!"

"I don't know," returned Thomas, with determination.

"You do know, sir! And now tell me! Where did you convey her?"

"I didn't convey her anywhere——"

"Don't lie! I followed you."

"Just hear me out. I say I didn't convey her anywhere. I did, however, accompany them a short distance on their journey."

"Then? And where then?"

"Rosalind and her husband, sir."

"Husband?" gasped the old man, with a start.

"Yes—her husband," returned Goodam, with a look of triumph.

"Mercy! I'll kill you!"

"There are two of 'em, sir," said the dismal snake-fi" later-posed Simon.

The broker felt that he could not be protected from the first severe shock, that he could reflect. Why had Rosalind refused to go with Albert? Why had she turned from him in her agony, and refused even to tell him the reason of her strange decision? The old man knew that she had no friends in the city, but terrible fears. This, then, was the reason why Albert had refused another hundred dollars on the pawnbroker's.

"*Husband! Married!*" exclaimed Simon Peter, who had been gazing upon the broker in a thoughtful, pondering mood. "Then, by the immortal Moses, she's married agin her will, you infernal, bloodless, condemned villain! She was married agin her will, I—*for the dickens* them to tell Albert such's meant it! Oh! you in——"

Again Simon had started to his feet, and his huge hands were stretched towards the broker like two grappling-irons. He might have seized the rascal in earnest this time had not the old sailor interrupted him.

"Sit down, Simon," he said; and then turning to Goodam, he added, in a tone vibrating between bitterest loathing and deepest anguish,—"*if* Rosalind is married, then she has been forced to it—and by your means."

"I had no hand in it at all," asserted Goodam. "She was married at the parsonbroker's, and I knew nothing of it until it was all over."

"It's a cursed lie—every word of it!" growled Simon, grubbing his teeth, and working his hands as though they fished.

"At all events, I shall convince myself," added John Peters. "I will have the truth from Rosalind."

"She can tell you, without doubt," said Goodam.

"So she can, sir," retorted the old man, with his forefinger extended. "And I'll look to you, sir, to know where she is."

"Then you'll look in vain."

"I think not."

"But I'm sure of it."

"Thomas Goodam, you'll tell me where that girl is, or you'll suffer for your refusal!"

"How can I tell what I don't know?"

"I only ask you to tell what you do know."

"Then, sir,—here you have it: She has gone West with her husband."

"How far West?"

"You've got me there, sir."

"Mountains an' broomsticks! let me shake it most of him!" implored Simon, starting once more for Goodam. "Let me!—let me!" he continued, with his fingers hooked like grappling-irons again. "I'll shake it most of him, or I'll shake his cursed old flight most!"

"Simon—Simon: I can——"

"Look yo," interrupted the broker, starting from his chair in a fit of anger, "if you know when you are well off—both of you—you'll leave me to myself and to my business. I have no more time to waste."

"Nor have I!" retorted Peters, also rising. "Is it or not to the point at once. Where is Rosalind?"

"What nonsense!"

"Then let me put a word more into your ear," shouted the old man. And advancing and speaking in a tone so low that Simon could not understand, he added,—"Tell me—*or I'll put some on the tomb of him who did the BILLIEING THEATRE!*"

Thomas Goodam started back, and all his assurance left him.

"Were I to whisper what I know of that poor old man who lay dead beneath the well——"

"Stop! stop!" gurged the broker.

"Then will you tell me?"

Goodam did not answer directly. The blood rushed to his face, and he trembled violently. Peters thought this sudden emotion was occasioned by fear; and when the broker turned away to the window, he supposed the villain was only striving to compose himself for Simon's gaze ere he ventured to speak.

Finally Thomas Goodam returned to his seat. He was very calm, and the old cold, bloodless look was upon his face.

"I will tell you all—if I will send you to her, with you keep your secret!"

"Do as I ask," returned Peters, and I will never speak of it."

"Enough. Only tell me if any other human being knows of this."

"Not that I know of."

"And you will tell no one?"

"I will never speak it."

"Then—she is in the town of Tolland, among the high hills beyond Springfield."

"Are you speaking truly?"

"As truly as ever man spoke. I can take my Bible oath, if you wish."

"Never mind that. What is her husband's—or what is the name of the man with whom she is stopping?"

"Her husband's name is Lemuel Brent, and the man's name is Brent with whom they stop—he is the father of the girl's husband. He owns a good farm in Tolland, and any one there can tell you where he lives. It's only half a mile from the village."

"If you speak falsely now——"

"Good heavens, sir—I do, am I not at your mercy?"

"Well, well,—perhaps you are."

"But if you find my word true, you'll keep yours?"

"Most assredly."

"Then be assured that you'll find Rosalind where I have said. Oh! by the name of all you hold sacred, sir—do not break with me! I have told you all—and told you truly!"

"You have no occasion to fear that, sir," said the old man, putting on his hat. "I bid you good morning."

"Good morning. But," added the broker, seizing him by the hand, "you will not—you cannot break faith with me if you find her as I have said."

"No!" cried the sailor, snatching his hand away. "Come, Simon."

Peters went out—and his companion nearly stepped to cast one scrathing glance into the visitor's face, and then he went out, too. Went out full of thought and hope, and with strange anger—not increasing slowly, but effectually, in his mind. In the alley he met the man whom they had found with the broker, and he snatched him till he saw him go up the stairs towards Goodam's office. He understood something to himself, but in the midst of his cogitations his companion spoke:

"Simon, I must hire your services of Mr. Kling for a while."

"What for?"

"To keep an eye on Thomas Goodam."

"And see you again? and after Rosalind as he said?"

"Certainly."

"Dye think he told the truth?"

"I think he did, Simon. He would not have dared to deceive me—and, indeed, he does it by trying to get ahead of me. But I want you to watch him, and see that he does not leave the city, and if he does, I want you to follow him."

"I guess there'll be no trouble," returned Simon. "The work ain't very pressin'."

"And if it is, I can hire somebody to take your place."

"Shall ye take Albert with ye, Mr. Peters?"

"No. And, by the way, you must say nothing to him of this. I would not have him know what we have heard, until I satisfy myself by seeing Rosalind. It would only make him more miserable than he is now."

Simon Peter shook his head, but made no reply. They soon reached the place where they had left the horse, and without stopping to do any more business they rode home.

"Ill! There's that pilsen adder again!" cried Simon as they entered the yard in front of the farm-house. He leaped from the wagon and caught up a stick; but before he could strike, the serpent had glided beneath the door-stone!

"Confound his ugly enemy! That makes more'n a dozen times that ere serpent has dodged or got shot before!"

"You must move the door-stone," said Peters.

"By the great horn spoon I will move it, if the cuss toughs me much more!"

"Have you found out anything?" cried Betsey, coming to the door.

"I think I have," returned the old sailor.

"Well—what is it?"

"I'm going to start off, as soon as I get some dinner to-morrow."

"O—O—you know where she is! You do—you do!"

"Perhaps so, my dear. I hope so."

And again Simon Peter dined like a lord, and something like a pitying expression stole over his features, as he regarded his aged companion. But he said nothing, though he let not his eye rest on the place where the sailor had disappeared beneath the decoration, he muttered in his heart a song in the habit of doing when great thoughts were upon him. And the song was this:

The two visitors had been gone from the bonker's office but a short time, when Dusty Dick came in again.

"That's the crew," he said, taking a seat.

"Yes—but you're back in a hurry," said Goodam, stepping to the door and locking it.

"He's the one that's to be put out?"

"Yes," said the broker, resuming his seat.

"Phew! I'd rather do a dozen than one!"

Though I wouldn't mind either of 'em."

"Then you'll undertake it?"

"Of course—only show me the yellow-boys."

"I'll give you—a say a hundred dollars, if you'll do the work well."

"You mean, kill that old man?" suggested Dusty, with professional coolness.

"Yes," returned Goodam, with a slight start.

"Well—your offer is good enough as far as it goes."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You—you shall give me a hundred dollars to kill him."

"So I will."

"Certainly—and that was as far as you went."

"And what can there be beyond this?"

"I'll tell you: Another hundred when the work's done."

"Pish—you are——"

"Just sitting up prices, that's all. We all have our own prices, you know. Now if I come to you for a deed or for land, you tell me what's to pay. If I like the price, well and good. If I don't, I can leave it. You have the same privilege, you know."

"Well, well—I don't object. I'll pay you a hundred down, and another hundred when the work's done. But how am I to know that you have done it?"

"You must take my word for it, sir—that's all.

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In this sort of business we are both bound to each other by a kind of woue in this region," said Mr. Dusty Dick, drawing his thumb and finger up under his ear, tackling his head over upon one side, lifting his shoulder, and giving an awful squint, accompanied by a clucking sound in the throat.

"Yas—I understand," replied the broker, with a shudder, and at the same time putting out his hand as though he wouldn't have the suggestive operation repeated. "I understand. It's all right, and now let me tell you how carefully I have to act in it. I have contrived to send the old fellow off on a wild goose chase to Tolland. He will be likely to start—Well—he may start this very night. Do you know where Tolland is?"

"No."

"Do you know where Springfield is?"

"Yes—very well."

"Then it's all right. Tolland is only about fifteen or twenty miles beyond. But you'll have him in sight long before that."

"I'll keep him in sight all the way if I once get on his track. But there'll be expenses here."

"I'll pay all them."

"That's honest."

"And now for the hoss. It won't do to trust to the stage, you know."

"I shall go on horseback. Just you furnish the steed, and put me on the road, and I'll do the rest."

"You must be ready to start at any moment."

"At any moment after I get my ballast aboard," said Dusty, placing his hands together and shaking them as though he had counted the time.

Thomas Goodman went to his safe and took out a small bag, from which he counted several gold. His hand trembled as he did so, and he kept his face turned on one side as though he thought how he came by that gold—thought of the hillside and of the rusty hammer. Or—he may have been thinking of the other deed which was to come. At all events, that gold never before clinked in his ears with such a strange, startling sound as it now forth now!

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT WAS SAID AFTER SUPPER.

It was near noon when Mark Peters got ready to start from the farm-house. He had no difficulty in making arrangements for the journey, for both the Aaron King was as anxious as any one, and willing to do as much. Albert Yarrondale was present, and was very desirous of accompanying the old man upon his mission.

"No, no," said the latter, at last. "There is no need of your going. I shall be perfectly safe, for Silsbee will remain in the city to watch the movements of Thomas Goodman, and hang upon his track until I come back. I think I shall do better alone."

"But," urged the youth, "you have learned more than you have yet told me! What is the danger to Rosalind? Oh! is there anything wrong?"

"You are not very wise, Albert," exclaimed Peters, with a slight shade of the old frown. "If you would ever hope, moreover to cherish it now. I think I know where she is!"

"Ah—"

"You are determined to doubt, then?"

"How can I help doubting, my dear Goodson?" I doubt him as much as you do, Albert."

"But you seem both very trusting him now."

"Have I not told you that I had a bold upon him which he could not break? His own life is in my hands, and he knows it. He would not dare to deceive me now."

"Let him go alone, Albert," interrupted Mr. King, who knew all the circumstances. "It will be better, I think."

"Well—so be it, then," returned the youth. And seizing Peters by the hand, he added, in an earnest tone—"Bring her back with you. Tell her so come. My mother what she may—assured—I care not what misfortune may have befallen her—her heart is still mine, and it must be so. Tell her to come, and the darkness cannot have closed about her which the light of my love shall not chase away. You will tell her this?"

"I will, my son," the old man answered, writing. Albert's hand was pressed to his lips. "I will tell her just as you have said. I think I shall succeed."

"God be with and help you," the youth prayed, as he turned away, and to the group remain more Peters and Simon had driven off down the hill, with other prayers following them.

Simon was left in Boston, and he promised to watch as well as he could. It was past one o'clock in the afternoon when John Peters drove out over the Mill-Dam. He had a light wagon and a powerful team, and he went on at a rapid pace. He took the Worcester Turnpike, and at half-past seven he reached the latter place. He stopped a good moon, and he resolved to drive on. He stopped at Worcester long enough to get his supper and rest his horse, and then set forward. He proposed to travel all night, and then sleep a few hours in the morning before he saw the dim outlines of a man on horseback.

The old man thought to himself that he was upon a strange road, and that he was right he danger from robbers. There had been robberies committed, and murders done, upon dark roads late at night; and as an additional precaution in the kind might spoil all his plans, he made up his mind to stop at the first respectable-looking house he came to, and then his horse began to show signs of fatigue, too; so that, on the whole, he might have more on the morrow than he would gain that night, by keeping on.

In a few minutes after coming to this conclusion he saw a small village directly ahead, and when he reached it he found a comfortable-looking tavern. He had his horse put up and well cared for, and then he sat down in the bar-room and lighted his pipe. It was a warm, sultry night, and as our traveler was alone in the room, he leaned back against the wall and fell into a doze. He had driven hard—he had journeyed for many days—and he was worn and weary. As his head sunk back, and his senses became fairly locked in slumber, he began to dream. He thought he was in a deep wood, walking along by a narrow path, where all sorts of strange flowers were growing luxuriantly in the silken shade. There were red flowers and white ones, and some were blue, and some blue; but they all had a dim, ghostly look. The red flowers were of the color of blood, and looked as though they had been dabbled in the flood from some expiring life. The white ones looked deathly, like a shroud. The yellow ones had a sulphurous hue; and the blue ones looked livid and ghastly. But presently other flowers sprang up. They were larger than the others, and were black or other night, with petals like serpents' tongues, which seemed to twist and writhe, and dart about with malignant desire. While the dreamer was wondering at these marvelous flowers, he was startled by the sound of a human voice. He gazed quickly up, and was surprised to find himself directly beneath the walls of a great castle, the turrets of which lifted themselves to the clouds.

At cap of the windows he saw a beautiful maiden, who was weeping bitterly. He noted her. If he could help her, and she told him that she wished to be liberated from her prison. An ugly giant had stolen her away from her home, and was keeping her there in torture in order to force her to become his wife. And she begged of the dreamer to save her. She threw him a key, which she said would unlock the door, and assured him that the count was close. "But if you have had the key, still, be sure you let by yourself out!" she cried the dreamer. "Ah—but the door will not unlock upon the inside," was the reply, and then she wept, and begged for assistance more assertively than before.

The dreamer could not resist this appeal, so he picked up the huge key, which was of brass, and certainly constructed, and went into the deep arch. The pendorous doors swung back as he moved the bolt, and with some difficulty he found his way to the chamber where he had seen the damsel. She arose as he entered, and with a sweet smile of gratitude approached him. She was very beautiful, and her eyes shone like twin stars. Her face was like the color of the lily and the moon, and her smile was like the soft sunshine upon the morning flowers. She held in her hand a small casket, inlaid by her loveliness, her syllable-like form began to change. It grew larger and ungainly in its proportions, and the features, whereon beauty had sat with such perfection, became the features of the most hideous ogre. The silken garments were changed to shaggy robes of wild boar skins, and the light that shone upon her head began to look bloody sword. With a yell of triumph that made the great castle ring, the ogre sprang forward, and monster sprang forward and seized the intruder by the throat. He tried to fight, but found he could not, and he was overpowered. He—he was going to be slain! He struggled, but the fiend was too much for him. He was dragged to the block, and the glittering axe was lifted high in the air. It was about to descend, when the dreamer awoke.

The old man found himself in his chair, and his pipe was broken in pieces upon the floor by his side. He started up, and he heard voices in the room his clothes, when the door opened, and a fellow-traveler, who had been sleeping in another room, and then turned towards the old sailor. She was a young woman, well-dressed, and with a look of anxiety upon her face.

"Are you from the West?" she asked, after the old man had answered her question in the affirmative to attend to her.

"Yes, madam," Peters replied, purging under the edge of her close-fitting bonnet.

"And could you tell me if there is any one about here who is acquainted in Boston?" pursued the new-comer.

"I—I have been myself, ma'am."

"You are?"

"Most certainly I am."

"And have you come from there recently?"

"I left only this morning."

"Then, sir, you may be of service to a suffering creature. I am from there, and have a poor girl who has been dragged away from her friends, and she wishes to communicate with them."

"A poor girl!" repeated Peters, starting. "Does she belong in Boston?"

"I think she does—very near there, sir."

"Where?"

"Really, I couldn't say, sir. It is one of the towns just out of the city, but I forget the name."

"Is it Weston?"

"I think that is it, sir—I am sure it is!"

"And what is her name?" asked the old man, now deeply interested.

"You must excuse me, sir," the female said, seeming to be somewhat perplexed. "She could not ask her name to be known by one whom she could not fully trust."

"How do you suppose I am to help her if I am not to be trusted?"

"But, sir, if I trust you, will you promise to help her if you can? Or, will you promise not to betray her if you cannot assist her?"

"I give you both promises, ma'am."

"Then I will tell you what I know."

Be seated, ma'am."

The lady sighed, and the woman, taking the proffered chair.

"Now go on."

"Well, sir, the case is just here: This poor girl was dragged away from her home—she will not tell me how—by a man who is a villain, and a person who should have been a friend to her—"

"Cannot I assist her?" Peters interrupted the old man, excitedly.

"I think I will, sir," continued the visitor, taking little heed of the interruption. "But, she was taken away, and forced into a secret marriage with a wretch by the name of Bond—I think he called first name was"

"Lemuel—Lemuel Brent?" cried Peters.

"Do you know him, sir?"

"Know him, ma'am! know him; but I have learned of him."

"Excuse me, sir. If you are advised of his I will proceed no further."

"Who the devil said anything about being advised of him?" exclaimed Peters, vehemently. "You are speaking of Rosalind Hubert! Now go on!"

"But—sir," returned the female, rising, "you must promise me that you will not betray my trust, nor may be the man himself, for all that I know."

"I may be what may be."

"Why, Lemuel Brent."

"Lemuel Thunder! Sit down here again. I never saw this Brent. I am—"

"Who, sir?"

"My name is John Peters; and I am a friend of this girl."

"Is John Peters?" the woman said, resuming her seat, and looking into his face as though she would see if there were a lie upon it.

"It is—and now, I hope you have the girl saved, tell me all you know."

The female pondered awhile, and finally she said:

"I don't know as I ought to doubt you, sir; and if I refuse to trust you, I may be doing an injury to her I would serve. You look like an honest man."

"And I am one, ma'am, as you have no occasion to suspect."

"I will not. This poor girl—— But you know her name, so I may as well speak it out. Rosalind was carried to the house of Lemuel by her cruel husband; and there she suffered his compunctions for three days. She finally she managed to make her escape, and two nights ago she came to my house for shelter. She dared not venture further, for fear she should be overtaken and carried back."

"And is she at your house now?" asked the old man, all nervousness and excitement.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you take me to her?"

"I will if you think you can help her."

"I know I can help her."

"The gentleman is honest! He will not do otherwise!"

"Shall! Nonsense! I tell you I am her friend. Will you take me off home?"

"You are?"

"Yes."

"Then come along."

The female arose, as she spoke, and moved towards the door, and the old man followed close behind her. The vines, almost as fat full, was shining with moon-light, and John Peters stepped out upon the road with a light tread and a hopeful heart. Thoughts of his child filled every cell of his brain, and a pair of gleaming, eager eyes peered keenly into the shadow of the palisading; but the old man saw nothing of it. He walked every by the side of the new-found companion, anxious to reach their destination. He had not once thought of his dream since the appearance of his guide in the bar-room.

"How far off is your house?" he asked, as they came to the edge of the village.

"You see that light yonder?" replied the woman, pointing with her finger.

"Do you mean that one beyond those woods?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that?"

"Well—that is my house. It is only a few steps beyond. But, sir, I think it is a breach of confidence for me to leave you. I will go no further. You can find the house."

The old man said it was, and then they walked on awhile in silence.

The woods in which silsbee had been made were in a sort of swamp, which stretched away upon either hand to some extent, but which was bounded on the one hand by a road, there being at this point almost a natural causeway caused by the formation of the ground. The road was quite at least. The trees were mostly gray birch, and grew very thickly, but the shadow of the palisading just the old man saw nothing of it. He walked every by the side of the new-found companion, anxious to reach their destination. He had not once thought of his dream since the appearance of his guide in the bar-room.

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"Yes, sir."

"Is that?"

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Thomas Goodkin, with a smile of derision. He smiled in order that his visitor might see how perfectly indifferent he was.

"I shall get it from you, sir," was the quiet reply.

"Will—let's see you do it."

"Suppose you hand it over, then?"

"Ha! I tell you, Sadly, I shall not do it. You wormed a thousand dollars out of me when you knew you had a hold upon me; but you'll find it difficult to do it now."

"I can tell where the girl is."

"Fool! I care not how soon you tell. Let me have done, just for grocer, that the girl is now wholly in my power, even if her——"

"Go on, sir," said the gamekeeper, as Goodkin hesitated.

"I say she could not be taken from me, even if she was here, and every living thing on earth knew it."

"Very well," added Ludder, with provoking assurance; "then let us set the girl aside as of no present use. I tell you still I must have this money. Now will you let me have it, or must I urge you further?"

"Fool!" uttered Goodkin.

"Measures!" whispered the pawnbroker.

Thomas Goodkin started in his seat, and a cadaverous hue overspread his face.

"I have time to wait," Ludder added, as soon as he had witnessed the effects of that whispered word.

"But—do you think to feed me so?" the broker finally stammered. "What will there be left to me?"

"Oh, why the fussy then I must have the money." He arose from his seat at this point, and then added, in a dark, meaning tone—

"You Goodkin, I know you as well as you know yourself. Give me the sum I have asked for, and no mortal but shall ever hear your secrets from me."

"But——"

"No-but now, if you please. I know. You called me a fool. Now—well! see who has been the fool! You trusted me as a friend, did you? Five hundred dollars will keep me, and the world shall never know that there has been blood upon your garments!"

The broker started from his chair, and paced the floor in an agony of thought. The other watched him with a half-smile, and seemed to enjoy his perplexity.

"Ludder!" the worried man at length said, stopping and regarding his visitor with an eager look, "if I give you this will you swear to hold your tongue, and to trouble me no more?"

"I'll swear to anything you wish."

"Then remember—I have only one oath."

"Yes."

Goodkin sat down at his desk, and drew a check for the sum named. It was written with a trembling hand, but the broker's customary cunning by nature was not to be mistaken. Ludder took the check, and, with a simple "Thank you," left the office.

"Now, by the powers above me!" exclaimed the broker, as soon as he was alone, "this city must keep me but a short time longer! That other tool of mine must be down soon in his time of service, too. Bad—bad 'em some. Signed—they shall find me fearless!" They—— Where's coming now?"

The door was opened, and a boy entered. He wore a long face, and seemed with the weight of the news he had to communicate.

"Mr. Goodkin, you must send me up. Miss Gordam is dead?"

"Dead! When did she die?"

"About half an hour ago."

"You ung go back, and tell them I'll be at home as soon as possible."

The boy withdrew, and the broker brought his face together with vehement satisfaction.

"Now, by the gods! this is most fortunate!" he muttered, starting across the floor. "I have a millstone about my neck no longer. I can go now as quickly as I please. I'll put her under ground, and then—farewell to Boston!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

GABRIEL PREPARES A MEDICINE OF HIS OWN INVENTION.

Days and nights of sorrowful torpor passed ere Rosalind was again able to raise her head upon her arrows. But when her mind finally resumed its powers she had one source of hope—one thought of consolation. She was innocent of Barbier's death. With all her suffering, she no longer had that fearful load upon her soul. She was still pure, and had done no wrong. She had been very rash—she had been very wild—she had been degraded of—and even now she was almost helplessly weak. She had not saved a large amount of money, but had been like one bereft of all sense. Faint glimmerings of the past had been occasionally sent of her low murmurings, and at times she had appeared to recognize those who were with her. She was this, even to a shadow, but there was not so much of hopeless agony in her look as before, and she grieved with a more fixed reason upon the agony of Heaven.

It was early morning on the day succeeding Rosalind's full restoration to sense. She had been awake for several hours, and had been for some time engaged in watching her nurse, who sat by the window at the foot of the bed. The latter seemed to be a middle-aged woman; she was bent in form, with coarse, red hair, and a red, blotched face. She wore a pair of green spectacles on her side-glasses, and the parts about the eyes appeared to be much inflamed. Her dress was neat and dirty, and her whole appearance bespoke her to be one who had but more of the agony-pig—one who had passed all the grittier and intellectual elements of rice, and had now reached the fork of the hill. She heard the invalid move, and she looked up.

"So you want anything?" she asked, in a rough, hoarse voice.

"Where am I?" Rosalind inquired.

"You're in this house—Mr. Larkin's house," was the short reply.

"Are you Mrs. Larkin?"

"No—I'm Mrs. Larkin's servant now—you mean, if you please."

"Where is Mr. Barbier?"

"I guess he's coming now. Somebody's coming up the stairs. He has been very attentive to you, my dear."

Before Rosalind could make any reply Gabriel Barbier entered. He approached the bed, and as he found the fair face fixed upon him, he tried to smile.

"Ah—you are better, Rosalind," he said. "You are on the gaining hand. You've been very sick, did you know it?"

"I know it very well, sir," she replied.

The man turned to the nurse, and told her that she might leave the room. When she was gone he drew a chair up by the side of the bed, and sat down.

"My dear," he said, "I think you have fully regained your reason."

"I have regained reason sufficient to be able to understand why I am here," she replied. Her voice was hollow and weak, but it had great depth of meaning.

"You are here because I love you, Rosalind."

"Spare me now, sir, do not offend my ears with such falsehood till I am better able to bear it."

"Look ye, my girl," the wretch said, with a slight show of threatening in his manner; "We might as well understand each other now as ever. Do you not mean to have me?"

"Never!"

But reflect. You are in a strange city, and among the arms of thousands who surround you, I am the only one to whom you can look! We are alone. There has been a marriage ceremony performed between us, and you can fear no shame or danger. You are wholly at my mercy, and I would like to know what you hope to gain by resisting me further?"

Gabriel Barbier spoke the invalid, trying to lift herself upon her elbow, but failing. It was too much. "I have but one hope, though I pray for more than I can hope for. I hope I may die ere you gain such power over me as you aim at."

"And what do you pray for?"

"That God, with whom all things are possible, may make an honest man of him who persecutes me."

"That means me, I presume?"

"Yes."

"Now look here, my dear girl, you are talking nonsense. You don't know half of what you say. It will be best for you to do as I wish. Promise me that when you get well you will take me as your husband, and I'll do all I can to make you comfortable."

"Comfortable!—and as your companion! Oh! just Heavens! There could be but one thing on earth a deeper hell! Ere I'd submit I'd let out my own life, and then give back my soul to God in its purity while I had the power!"

Rosalind buried her face in the pillow as she ceased speaking, and her effort seemed to have exhausted her. Barbier gazed upon her a few moments, and then arose and left the room. There was a dark look upon his coarse features as he descended the stairs. In the hall he met Mrs. Larkin, who informed him that a gentleman in the parlor desired to see him. As this message had come once out from the kitchen, and asked her if she should go back to the kitchen, Barbier told her yes, and then went to see his visitor, who he found to be none other than Thomas Goodkin.

"You here?" cried Gabriel, taking the broker by the hand.

"Yes. I thought I'd see how you were getting along," returned Goodkin. "I found your lot here, and, seeing when you had got up, and, as I happened to have nothing else to do, I thought I'd come on. I am free now."

"Free?"

"Yes. My wife is dead and buried."

"Ah—dear, dear! What was the matter?"

"O—she has been ailing for a long time—a kind of consumption, I think. But how is the girl? You wrote that she was very sick?"

"So she is. She only came to her senses yesterday."

"And is she fully conscious now?"

"Yes. I had just come from her room when you came. She is conscious enough."

"But—how does she seem to feel to you?"

"She's going to give us trouble. She swears that she will die before she will be my wife."

"Perhaps she only hopes to frighten you."

"No, no, Goodkin—I can read her well to believe any such stuff as that. I tell you she means it. She'll resist every nerve till she's dead, or gets well."

"But how is she? What does the doctor think? Does he think she can get well?"

"I don't know what he thinks, and I don't know as it makes much odds."

Thomas Goodkin paused eagerly into Gabriel Barbier's face, and Gabriel Barber gazed full as eagerly into Thomas Goodkin's face. Each seemed anxious to read each other's thoughts without speaking. Finally they both knew well by each other, and when the dissolute had become quite sure most Goodkin ventured to speak:

"I wouldn't want her to get loose now. I had hoped that she would have staid with you. I hoped you might conquer her at once."

"You see, she's been right down sick ever since she got returned from Boston, and I've been to have her own way. But I tell you it's no use. She's as ugly as sin, and as contrary as a mule. The same spirit that was in her when she gave me that tap on the head is in her now. She knows that there can be no danger in her going back to Boston, and I'm afraid she'll contrive some means to give me the slip."

"By the powers, Gabriel, she must not do that! I don't want her to do it."

"But—you remember I was to give you ten thousand dollars——"

"Fifteen we made it, you know."

"So it was. I was to give you fifteen thousand when you got her to be your wife."

"All the same," answered the broker, with strange eagerness. "I've changed my mind in the matter."

Again the two men gazed upon each other, and again that look upon Goodkin's face.

"But," said Barbier, in a hesitating mood, "upon anything should happen to her, I'd get on well, even now."

"I should be perfectly satisfied," returned Goodman, in an undertone.

"You see she'll be troublesome, any way," pursued the shyster. "If she does get well, it must be some time first, and there'll be a good deal to anxiety the while. And when she is well—then comes the nip. I tell you, we'll be next to impossible to keep her if once mad free. I can become across a woman with a will like hers, you may be sure she will never yield. She never will take her own life first."

Then she can't hold her life-as'd much value," suggested the broker.

"Of course she can't," was the response.

"I should think it would be a mercy for her to die before she won any more trouble," Goodman said, with a searching look into the shyster's face.

"Sort yer opinion, exactly," returned Barbier.

Thomas Goodman arose from his chair, and walked to the window and looked out. Presently he turned back and spoke:

"Barbier, of course I couldn't do anything to help—Rosalind; for she must n't see me, you know, in this place."

"No," answered Barber, "you couldn't help her."

"Well—I shall remain here in the city for some days—I shall stop at the Tannenay—and I hope to know just how she is getting along before I leave. If such a thing should happen as her dying, you and I could return to Boston together."

"You—that would be convenient."

Shortly after this Goodkin took his leave, and when he was gone, Mr. Barber took his hat, and also walked out. He went to a small drug store, which was patronized by the lower classes and nearly by none others, and kept by a man of a seedy looking individual, asked how much he was owed.

"I want as much as will kill a large dog," returned Barber.

"Ah—going into that, eh?"

"Why—the truth is," continued the lawyer, "I have a dog that I find it difficult to free trouble than he's worth. My wife desires she'll keep him in spite of me. You see I proposed killing him, but such a row you never heard. I once got rid of him by giving him to a friend, but found that I had put him out of the way, I should never have the heart to."

The druggist smiled at the customer's domestic picture, and then weighed out some of the poison.

"There—that'll be enough to kill half a dozen dogs," he said, as he tied it up.

"I suppose enough of it will adhere to a piece of meat as large as my fist?"

"Yes—plenty."

Gabriel Barber paid for the poison, and went away. He returned at once to Mrs. Larkin's, and went to Rosalind's chamber. The invalid was asleep, and the nurse sat by the window.

"How long has she been asleep?" he asked, in a whisper.

"About half an hour, sir," the nurse replied.

"Has she been to be gaining any?"

"Really, sir, I couldn't say. But she sleeps well now."

"You were up nearly all night, weren't you?"

"Most of the night, sir. I'd get some."

"Well—I will relieve you. You can go out and take an airing. But say—if she should wake up before you come back, what conclusion she to take?"

"Why, I guess the pill," returned the nurse, stepping to the sideboard, and setting aside the medicine bottle, which was nearly empty full of it.

"That will do. Ah—yes. Tell Mrs. Larkin to come up to my room, if you please."

The nurse left the room, and ere long the landlady stepped softly in, and placed a bottle and tumbler beside the bed. She simply cast a look upon the sleeper, and retired without speaking. Barber poured out a little of the medicine in a cup, and then took the medicine phial and corked it. He then took a bottle of exactly the same size, and after he had emptied his tongue with it, he set it on the table, and filled it from the cup. He stopped and gave him from his pocket. He stepped noiselessly to the bed, and bent over the invalid. She was deadly pale, but the flush of fever was gone from her face.

"It is better so," he muttered to himself. "She'll only live to suffer if she gets well. She has not sensibly—not as she ought to—and if she—she's fixed on that as firmly as ever a white girl fixed it's mournful mind. She might as well go out well as all. Egad—I didn't think the doctor could give her if I should let him have his own way. But—but—I'm not the fool he takes me for. I'll believe my own skill."

He drew a chair softly to the bed, and then he went out of the door to the head, and then he shook it from side to side, as if in a heavy sleep, and he thought the sediment would not be noticed. He then replaced it by the bed, and summoned the sleeper. He sat there half an hour, but she did not awaken. Another fifty minutes, and still the worn girl slept on.

Never mind," the wretchgabel, as he arose and shook the phial again. "The nurse will give it, and never know the difference."

Soon after this Gabriel looked clear, and then he went out. He had planned a very convenient way of taking care of the girl had been given into his keeping.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A MOON-RISE BY THE SEA.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I dreamed we stood on ocean's shore,
And all the land lay far across.
And then, with tears, I first drew up
My eyes and watched the moon rise.

Then think not, dear, I could not see
The figure near, the golden hair,
The white arm on the sand beside me,
But, with a stronger, stronger, mournful sadness,
I stared on the moon rising o'er the sea.

And yet I saw thy cold blue eyes—
Ah, what a dreamy, dreamy look they wore!
I almost wonder that the skies
Did not grow dim with their unusual beam.
And that love story you told me
Was forgotten in the moon rising.

Some glaring angel did not bend
And warn her of the sad, sad fate
Herself of and all of truth.

Forgotten by the moon, which came soon
And flung her cold beams o'er us all,
And kissed your cheek, which was not warm,
I could not stir with my pride,
But sat by her . . . one hour.
Thy game was ominous on the sand,
Then, with the moon, thy pale face rose.
Then silent stars rose and grasp my hand.

Thy face was cold as marble then
That silence the brightness of the moon
Or thy cold heart and thereby my fate
Thy lip, dark, . . . whose, . . . heartstrength.

Then in a moment I perceived
By the last reverberations of thy word
And a wheel, that I was deceived
If from thy lip that hand been heard?
Thy face was cold as marble then
That silence the brightness of the moon
As with a murmuring voice I said . . .
"And I shall be true to thee until she."

"With me?" You—yes: My study is round
Thou—cold heart from fresh hand I had fled"
Then with a breath of coldest accent
Answered—"Not with me, but with her."
Alone, without reproach or remorse,
I walk for my dreams of the world—all
Now life is haunted by a dream,
That dream a dream by only the sea.

THE FREEDOM OF THE HOUSE.

BY CLARA STUART.

Most people are fond of having pleasant company, but very few people know how to make their acquaintances feel at home in their house. Good is said on the subject of hospitality, and great stress is laid upon the necessity of making a person in this regard. But, as a general thing, the more extra effort and expense you make, especially by the more form and ceremony you get up for the occasion, the more ill at ease and unnatural in manner you render your guests.

True hospitality, we opine, consists in the warm and hearty welcome of one's friends, far more than in all the fuss and show which is made for their entertainment. Feed them well, of course. If you have anything to eat yourselves; but 'tis to be presumed that your own daily fare is upon the things that are pleasant to the taste and good for food, also that your board is cleanly and well ordered, even when you are alone, and if these prerequisites be correct, what is the use of an extra display?

Any one who has mingled much in society, who has tested the curious economy of households, knows very well that he always experiences the truest comfort and pleasure when visiting those families which allow him to enter at once of themselves, and to partake of "the freedom of the house" with the family.

What a "limbo of vanity" is that house in which one, when upon a visit, must be always upon his best behavior, where he must continually be entertaining or entertained; where he has no feeling of freedom in moving about, but must continue in the parlors, though he abhor with cold, when there is a genial fire in the basement or the nursery; where he must sit bolt upright when he longs to lounge, and listen to facts considered to my "music" and "will not" when he wants to say "can't" and "won't," not to mention feeling expected to interlard his conversation with what a certain learned young lady called "scientific phrases," and a smattering of French or Italian, when he would rather confine himself to simple Germanic words as the most homelike and sonny himself by ridiculous table forms, which are of no possible benefit to anybody, in which, as a consequence, elderly women once remarked, "there hain't no room for nothin whatever."

The very heart and soul of comfort is dead and gone in a house where the household or the family fruily it seems that those persons whose duties and life is to form such as one, can have no warmth of feeling, no kindness. They are but "well-bred" ornaments—often bright and showy, but hollow at a touch.

On the other hand, what a region of delight is that house where the visitor is made aware by a genial than that imposed by true kindness and hospitality, where Christ-child is not dropped, but where he does not take the place of the Bible; where he is studied and practiced according to circumstances and needs. In such a house any one, in a measure, feel "at home," and as he is made to feel at home he need not be for extraordinary, polished or agreeable, he will very likely be able to show off his full measure of social excellences which nature bestowed upon him.

We are inclined to think, in thinking that the courtesies, large or small, of life are unimportant. It is not true; politeness is just as much a fixture command as a honesty, but forms of politeness in which are no soul, into which no soul can pour its life-blood, are the things against which we inveigh.

Gross disregard of polished manners which is vulgarity, and that "plainness" which is coarseness and impolite whatever they are found. Yet many, both young and old, pride themselves upon the "plainness" of their speech persons have not yet learned what is religion.

Then that courteousness which springs spontaneously from a truly refined and noble heart—how few things are more beautiful.

Let us then have our courtesy at the idea of polish and refinement of thought and act, we wonder that he should not be ashamed of the company which he is, perchance—if so be that his white garments be not forgotten—even to him. Would not a man about to be asked into the court of some great king, to walk and talk with dukes and princes, take some thought about how he should carry himself? Would he not just before all such matters? Here is a door which will open to other on into the presence of the king of kings, and we are to walk and talk with angels and archangels, with principalities and powers we shall have to do. Surely we all need to "mind our manners."

SOWING WILD OATS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Many a young man has been lured from the path of virtue, and ruined in the road that leads, by an easy descent, into the nocturnal valley of destruction, through the thoughtless sports of some thoughtless person, talking flippantly about sowing wild oats, as a thing to be expected in youth.

"I told one lesson on this subject from the lips of an aged counselor," said a valued friend to me, not long since, "which has never been forgotten. The father was warning his son, a few years younger than himself, against the vices of the Union, and some of them already sadly conspicuous. The son, small in high health and spirits, and with an imaginative forever carrying me beyond the actual and the real, heard his father's grave reflections, and before even a consciousness of wrong had reached me, I was afloat on a dangerous sea, and was already sadly forward, and the Spirit's rough already in my ears.

"One night we had a very merry party, which ended in excess, the thought of which has filled a heart with pain ever since. I had not been sober since. I had not been very well for some days previous, suffering from constant headache and low febrile symptoms. The dissipation of a night turned the scale upon the wrong side, and I was on fit in the next day, that it was thought best to call in a physician. He was an old man, of the old school of gentleman, wise, thoughtful and kind. He commenced, as once, the business of feeling and everything in regard to my habits, principles, and modes of thought, and there was something in the way he did it that gave confidence, that I concealed nothing. He looked grave, and offered a remonstrance.

"'Oh, my dear lad, a young man must sow his wild oats. The ground will be so much the better prepared for sowing wheat, after the crop is taken.'

"An error of the gravest character,' he replied, seriously, 'and one that has ruined its thousands and its tens of thousands of young men. It is more common, that of the reception of good seed, for having been first permitted to grow weeds? A man who sows wild oats, sows tares with them. He sows not one solo so filled with all manner of evil seeds, that the greatest care cannot, in most cases, ever entirely remove the vigorous plants of evil growth. Let me entreat you, my young friend, to be no mere conqueror, that of the human soul is the highest. It is really a noble conquest to combat to his mistress; but this is the triumph of genius due to his valor; and scarcely his own victory merely is the blind chance of war, or is a superior providence, which controls all the affairs of human art and prudence. The behavior of John showed him not unworthy of his conquest treatment. His present object torture never made him forget that he was a king. More touched by Edward's generosity than by his own calamities, he said, that notwithstanding his own defeat and captivity, his house was still unimpaired; and that though he yielded the victory, it was at least gained by a prince of the most consummate valor and humanity.

"'Sow your wild oats, my young friend, but sow them in your garden—not the acres of wild oats! Be temperate, prudent, virtuous, obedient to superiors, honorable, kind. Aim to be a man—not a monster. Govern yourself as a man, instead of letting passion, appetite, or any natural desire rule you as a tyrant. Sow no more wild oats. You will find trouble enough in your after life with the seed already scattered in your fields.'

"The snake," said my friend, "dropped at once into my eyes. I saw that its good old physician was right, and that this cant about sowing wild oats involved sore of the most dangerous fallacies into which the mind of a young man could fall. It was my last folly of this kind."

NAPOLEON "LE GRANDE."

BY CHRISTIANNA MERRIMET.

"Grand!" enough, undoubtedly; no one can well help wondering at and admiring the power and genius of Napoleon.

Maternal, nationward, he was astonishing, and, as the world understands the word, glorious; but we learned to war altogether dissimilar.

Not only did he divorce his wife, who was certainly, to say the least, not to be blamed for it, but he played mean tyrant towards the best and noblest of the land of his empire. Madame Recamier, this "great man" could not bear to hear a woman praised—ever for her beauty—because he be himself the theme of every tongue, and the subject of every heart. Madame Recamier, however, was were rampant—never was a valour mortal than Napoleon. How mean was his hatred and persecution of Madame de Stael—her daughter was his treatment of the virtuous and beautiful Madame Recamier, whose only offense was her beauty, and went to dwell, in comparative poverty, where she need not dread the fickle favor of her lover.

He tried to disgrace her, and partly in revenge for her quiet contentment in the midst of her poverty out of envy, because of the general admiration her loveliness excited, he banished her.

When his long reign was over and the decree signed her, she remarked to one of Napoleon's officers—

"Sir, it is a great pity that he should rob the weakness of loving women, but not that of loving him."

How thoroughly must she have despised her mean spirit would be love.

And even into exile the ill-will of the emperor followed the banished ladies of his jealousy. It only needed to call upon them to draw down on any man's head the imperial wrath.

The women, in such a position, should all have been pretty, gentle puppets, that could talk but little sense, and do no other than look delight-ed into his arms the moment he unveiled them out, saying, or even thinking, "Ah, how I love you!" Knowledge of the woman's rights conventions of our day would have thrown the illustrious Napoleon into a fits. He seemed always to have an especial spite against women who had brains in their heads.

There is one respect in which the emperor has, perhaps, been too severely blamed. He certainly love long and sincerely with his wife Josephine. If Goodrich is to be credited, she tried her husband's patience to the utmost. Napoleon has been called him an unsolemn and nasty boor—to his there was the Solomon's complete. Madame de Remusat, the governess of the Bourbons. During Napoleon's days she was not favored, and he allowed her a monthly pension of fifty francs. She have was definitely managed—the emperor required she to the lady to make semi-monthly communications on the national matters.

This was being a gentleman.

With much it does have for his fair fame that *Napoleon* always due condemned himself; but he was a man, Madame Recamier, and he was the superior of his critics.

Madam Recamier and Madame De Stael did not love each other, and Napoleon added to their fame by being related. The world owns "Corinne" and "Germany" to the latter, and remembers the former as the beautiful sunflower of his time.

Napoleon's favorite was a friend to Napoleon when he was glad enough to accept favors. He liked not the fact that he had received favors, but any burdensome sense of obligation, always soured his mind. He was ungenerous to those he had benefited.

When this heroic gentleman had made himself supreme lord and king of France and Madame Recamier, who was one of the noblest and loyalest of many kinds, protected herself timidly before him to implore his aid in the respite her husband's life, and her only in such a loyal tone, that she fell fainting to the floor. He afterwards met her in public and coldly reminded her that a small amount of gold could atone for the suffering across sea, and that the ingratitude he has manifested!

Napoleon may have been wonderful, and in some respects *glorious*; but for all that he was, in plain parlance, an ungrateful, mean, and unmanly man.

Also, in regard to letters, breaking or causing to be broken open any number of private letters was not exactly his hobby.

How it is that a Christian historian can consider a man whose conduct was so unmanly and black marks upon it as that of Napoleon, is certainly a strange thing.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

At the battle of Poictiers, fought in the year 1356, the English army, commanded by Prince Edward, the son of Edward III., gained a victory, while that of the French, under King John, recorded sixty thousand. The prisoners taken in the conflict, among the point of numbers, the courage of the English, and the good conduct of the prince, were the captive king and his son. The French force completely defeated; and King John, with many other prisoners of rank, was conducted to London, to remove the royal and truly admirable heroism of Edward. The victories are valuable in the proportion with that moderation and humanity displayed by a young prince of fourteen years, who had not yet ceased from the toys of childhood, and chiefly by extraordinary and unexpected success in the command of a large army to command. He came forth to meet the captive king with all the respect due to royal and unfortunate misfortune to him amidst his misfortunes; paid him the tribute of praise due to his valor; and soothed his own victory merely to the blind chance of war, or to a superior providence, which controls all the affairs of human art and prudence. The behavior of John showed him not unworthy of his conquest treatment. His present object torture never made him forget that he was a king. More touched by Edward's generosity than by his own calamities, he said, that notwithstanding his own defeat and captivity, his house was still unimpaired; and that though he yielded the victory, it was at least gained by a prince of the most consummate valor and humanity.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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INFERNAL CHARMER

CHAPTER I.

INFERNAL charmer is almost universally a compound from the characters of others. If it is true that one feat makes many, it is not less clear that many feats or many sins may make one. Like the chameleon, man's nature changes with the hues of what surrounds him. He never shall map to the world of our own familiar circles, is the remark from a friend, who, himself, has not the ambition, objects, held close to the eye, will shut out the sun. For myself, the question is not one of wish or ability to paint pieces in which we move, as our complexion upon the canvas is which we move.

Came to the tea paid by what are called the upper ten. Our object was to see a distinguished lady announcing to the full value of the property upon which it is based, and which, in the case of the person in view, I have to say is well improved in her eastern circles the town of Hawne, for to search the great and the powerful in their very palaces, and course there were to their domiciles beds, while the poor man sleeps unfettered on its straw pallet. It is difficult to rob without care, and easy to be happy without wealth.

"I'm terribly distressed," said a clergyman of indifferent reputation for sincerity to a coach neighbor; "to have preached on the 'Fall of Babylon' next Sabbath, and the neighbor; "I never a great deal, and yet pray a great deal, but neither of us means anything by it."

The said worlds in one of our Western States have failed. There were no fixtures, nor implements in the water. The proprietors made excellent salt, but not enough to meet their losses.

We don't know which to admire most, steadier or the fitness feature. The one refers to the worth, and the other the most contemptible. The one is the praise of the man, the other that of the fool.

A SCRUPULOUS writer asks, "Why is there so much more human nature in the world than in books?" Why, not the learned mean know that there are a hundred times more readers than writers, therefore, by far more.

Many people go through the world, hurting their neighbors as we see cattle in the meadows, who are as deaf as an ox of cows, and their eyes as blind as those of a bat.

"That's a very *emphatic* individual," said a gentleman who was looking at a face. "How so?" inquired the one leaning against a horse. "How so?" — "Why, don't you see? He is in the face of his horse."

Some congregations seem to be particular as to their pastor's manner in the pulpit. Perhaps he has not learned a preacher, but would certainly specify that, besides being a good man, he should be a good speaker and preacher.

There is nothing that we hate more than hypocrisy. Nevertheless, we have seen a man who, though he had acquired every law, as it involved the courts, to erect a house of worship.

Whilst looking recently in a public gallery at a picture we were struck with the remark of a lady who could not help reflecting that an artist, who draws cattle, and even those pictures, does well and does the public.

A certain demagogue of our acquaintance says that the country is ruined because the Bible is taken from a proper place should belong to the postmaster-at-large.

There is nothing more unlike than the reasoning of a man who has been turned out of office and that of one who has been turned in.

Retaliatory being an immutable law of the universe, change is the only thing that is constant—and even that (Why,) which is said to be worth two millions of dollars.

Wages a man's heart entire, or turns to bone, he will be a man, he is a perfect man. Without this, or its stone, he uncharitably does too long for any useful purpose.

Our friends who would successfully affect almighty first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be very likely to succeed.

Our friends often fall away from us as we grow better in our own estimation, because we are not what our friends is also respect.

We should learn all our communications with men as to the greatness of God, and with God as to the preciousness of men.

More of our misfortunes arise in themselves more from our own conduct than from that of others.

In political government is not more oppressive than the tyranny of the many over the few.

Women too seldom consider the consequences in their love of romantic sensations.

Charity is the only thing that we can give away without losing it.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A man named William was recently killed in Harrodsville, Delaware county, (N. Y.,) while out hunting with his two sons, and the fact is thus related: The father was seated on a fence, and as the sheep was coming down, he fired at what he supposed was a deer, and the ball pierced, killing him instantly. What renders the accident more sad is the fact that he was accompanied by his two sons.

The congregation of the First Presbyterian church in Jersey City have voted to build a new church, at a cost not exceeding $100,000. The old church was burned up by a man who sprung upon the channel, and elected to the ground. The new church will be built on the old ground, and, more convenient than its ancient spirit, when he was taken from the church, at an early hour, by a number of gentlemen, who had been watching him.

A young man was lately arrested in Pennsylvania for stealing the image the State's Prison. The law is the laws of New York to not recognize diversion obtained in other States for desertion, incompatibility of temper, and the many other causes for which divorces can be so easily got in some States, but the New Yorkers are determined that all of them still resides here. Persons who run off to the West and get divorces therefore must come back and be careful how they come back here to get a home. The law will delight them with her in jail, and so on, without interruption. Moreover, the pleasure which we derive from spurious or shallow books is not worth the cost. Let England, when it come to see that we have been imposed upon. It is impossible to our error pass to honor, and we feel that we have been cheated. The old parables about "sowing tares" has much truth in it, and is very pointedly and prettily rendered in the following stanzas:

"As tares here stunt with unremitting blight,
So tares in society stunt more bright,
Claiming chance with love restrictive fall,
And she who means or mischief does it all."

THERE KINDS OF PRAISE.—There are three kinds of praise; that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the power, fail from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

SUICIDE.

"Then shall not kill" is as evidently an injunction against self-destruction as against murder. Human life is God's property—sacred to the purposes for which He designed it, and sacred, that, save as man may shorn it, it is a good and a blessing. All the pains of all the suicides cannot justify self-murder. Most of the plans are miserably weak, cowardly, and contemptible. To stand up against weariness and disease, in the crowded cities of our lives. Virtue is born of suffering and subduing, and not of despairing and succumbing.

The recent murders and suicides by one lineman, in California, while commented on at length, are mainly and lovely calling of one's neighbor, strike us as one of the most unwilling and God-defying leadings-off of this "mortal coil" of which we have ever heard. Admit that pecuniary involvement is a great burden to a man sensitive of his honor; still, this is a world, and peculiarly this is a country, where no inherent misfortune will be considered, and be so utterly hopeless as to warrant the taking from it by suicide.

Because does not appear to have done anything personally criminal or dishonorable. He had left his own property, and been the innocent cause of some other people losing theirs. Instead of stopping short in the career which was his difficulties, and taking the fairest possible new start, he felt to breathe the air of home, and to look with fear upon his surrounding for goodness. She will always be the most unhappy; and a good girl will have her an anti-trap instinct, which is her best defense.

As to boarding-houses, I detest in every way its public feeling, its scandal, its intemperance, its tyrannical rules against babies and people living, its hideous atmosphere of waste, and boil, and stew, and tobacco-smoke, its parental delivery of your letters and parcels—in the early side—its way of swopping your good old meat inconvenient hours, and dusting it with the extremely which from a bang-handed, feather-tailed scuffle; its incomprehensible coffee and its pale tea; its muddy its unacceptable coffee and pie; its towels, threadbare in quality, and niggardly in quantity; its parlor set apart and used by the boarders; its dreadful tables, with its perverted morals, its bump-knocks and its dinner bells; its cheap crockery, its cracked, and its

MABEL SPINNING.

BY ALICE CARY.

Put on the bands! begin, begin!
My wheel is lay'd of card and pin—
The wool is as white as the cluster;
Mabel, the last turn flew at the sky,
Look, and see, 'twas whirling by,
And it came down the bandless pulley
Like a rose the bandless pulley.

Every bee has its flower in view,
Every bird its mate in the tree;
Any beautiful morning I see,
Before it was time for the day to break,
Opened her blue eyes wide awaken
To hear the lark's light song,
The waking wheel's light story.

Sir mave, their freshness as soft as silk
Seemed to my fancy when I went to milk,
And gave me pain to look over;
And the cows that perked at the dewy grass,
Good and flattered to see me pass,
And the hen on the top of the clover
Shone with her gold all over.

My busy wheel, run fast, run fast!
You will bring the shadows straight at last,
Asked from the meadow without;
Then last, and faster, and faster yet,
Till the Day shall turn a somerset
And the Night shall be in a pet,
And threaten to go back to the Ardrees.

And when the noon comes up to the skies,
And the flowers are shaking their sleepy eyes
As if to say, 'Good-by, good-by,'
Then the light shall be out in the room,
And a song will be hanging down the loft,
And that will be Love, my song!
My dear, my darling lover.

Then here by spindle, and off my hand,
And idle wheel, on the well-side stand,
And, lover, rustic handsome lover,
What though I yet have my gown in spin,
We'll kiss by shoulders and kiss down to
Sleeves of rose and blouse—
And I shall be dressed with kisses.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND ENTHUSIASM.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FATAL COMBAT.

Hilton's stroke of policy in inviting the members of the Mermaid's crew who had not voted for him to the exhibition of the only one who did, like good acts of nobleness, produced anything but the result he had anticipated. His schoolfellows considered his conduct unlucky, and not Dawlish only treated him with greater coolness than ever. The friendship of the other, who, although so young, could keenly calculate his interests, in some measure made up to him for the loss of Wharton's greater; but he had to pay a heavy price for it, for Dawlish was the tyrant of all his companions in his favors—as most tyrants are—ungenerous, and cunning.

The splendor he had witnessed at the Holm had excited his envy as well as his admiration; but, despite his consciousness that the virtuous act he had one day to useful to him, he could not always resist the pleasure of flogging a lord.

A few days after their return to Eton, his new friend, in fulfillment of a promise he had made, proposed the erection of Hilton as one of the crew. Alfred Wharton opposed it vehemently, and all but William Thornton sided with him.

The latter declined to vote.

From that day, Dawlish who had hitherto carried everything with a high hand, became the enemy of Alfred. He could not visit his malice upon him personally, for they were both on the same form, but he found the means to wound him on a point in which he felt far more sensitive—his younger brother.

A few days after the party at the Holm, the Earl of Carrington and his visitors drove down to Windsor to witness a rowing-match—Eton against Westminster. Alfred and his brother accompanied him; it was one of the happiest days in the life of the fair child: she was to see the Mermaid she had heard so much of—to be with her own eyes, and witness what it could do; and perhaps obtain an opportunity of exchanging a word with William too.

"There! there she is!" exclaimed Alice, as the boat, impelled by young and vigorous arms, darted like an arrow through the water.

"Where who is?" demanded Lady Boothroyd.

"The Mermaid, ma'am."

"I can't see the name," said the countess, leveling her glass towards the river.

"The white pickets with green," said Alice, who, in her eagerness to watch the contest, stood upright in the carriage. "Dawlish pulls the stroke oar; William and Alfred Wharton are the next ones; Murray steers. See, gentlemen, how regularly the oars dip into the water; not a flash—a spray. Beautiful, beautiful! I am sure the Mermaid must win!"

In the excitement of the race—which was closely contested, the winner being only one length and a half—the speakers waved her handkerchief and when all but the crew of the Mermaid, with a saucy cheer, threw up their oars as they neared the winning-flag, a silvery, happy laugh replied to them.

Few of our readers are so old as to have forgotten the excitement which a cricket-match, or a boat-race, or a contest of any kind between the boys of the two great schools occasioned in their youthful days. The wild joy of the victors, the eager congratulations of their comrades—every one of which feels that he has a share in their triumph—contrasted with the bashful and defiant countenance of the defeated, who invariably assign any reason except the right one—the superiority of their opponents—as the cause of their defeat.

That they never admit.

The party from the Holm were not the last to congratulate the crew of the Mermaid on their victory; the countenance of no one—not excepting Lord Boothroyd's—expressed more delight and pride than that of the coxswain.

The boys remembered a similar feeling exhibited by Mermaid rowing-boys' bottom upwards in Searle's yard, where it had been lying for years, and laughed at the idea of comparing her to their own light, graceful skiff, which looked, as it danced upon the waters, or cut like an arrow through them, as though it had been launched by the hands of fairy workers.

His lordship, in the gush of his boyish recollections, requested to shake hands with the crew of the Mermaid as he was an old Etonian, and, moreover, one of her Majesty's ministers. Of course he was not refused.

"Who is this young gentleman?" he demanded of his son, as the only member of the crew who had not been invited to the Holm approached the carriage, his handsome countenance flushed with health and exercise.

The viscount hesitated to name him.

"It is William Thornton," exclaimed Alice, extending her hand to him. "Mamma, mamma, will you not speak to him?"

Her parent, however grossly annoyed by her daughter's familiarity—which, as we acknowledge, I burst from her—possessed too much tact not to hide her feelings, and receive the son of her country neighbor graciously. She even carried her hypocrisy so far as to inquire after the health of his father.

THE PLAY-GROUND BULLY.

"Thank you, Lady Boothroyd," replied the youth, without removing his eyes from the increasing countenance of his former playfellow, "he was quite well when last I had the pleasure of hearing from him. Will, Alice," he added, addressing the fair child, "did you recognize the Mermaid?"

"I knew her in a moment," was the reply. "I have not forgotten—green picked with white."

For one little instant their hands were clasped in each other. Sir Norman began to feel annoyed at the persistence with which Alice paid court to the son of a manufacturer.

"Lady Boothroyd," he exclaimed, "you must make Mademoiselle Joulain; she is not a fit person to have the care of my daughter—the manners of Alice are frank and gentle to a degree—no reserve, no dignity."

"Not in the least," said her mother.

The eyes of the little offender filled with tears at being so harshly reproved at such a moment; but she raised to the sympathizing glance of Lady Jane that so judged the cause, and thanked her for having honored blame for his sake.

Not to increase the ill-humor of the baronet and his lady, he took leave at once; a fairy suite erected for an instant on the features of both the children and was gone, and disappeared.

Years were destined to elapse before they met

again, but the memory of that smile rested like a sunbeam on the heart of each.

The rest of the afternoon was devoted by the boys to cricket.

The game was at its highest when Dawlish, who had been bowling, called, in angry tones, to Charles Wharton to send back the ball, which had fallen near him.

The boy began to look for it.

"Lazy whelp!" muttered the tyrant, impatiently.

"Send it back!" he shouted aloud, after waiting an instant.

"I cannot find it," replied Charles, who had been anxiously looking for it, for he had not the slightest wish to provoke the brutal temper of the speaker.

To this Dawlish made answer by giving him the lie.

In an instant the quiet, gentle youth roared his assault; his pale cheeks colored at the word. Young as he was, he had the consciousness of being a gentleman, and he scornfully rejected the insult.

The game became suspended.

"Did you address yourself to me?" demanded his aggressor, as he strode up to him.

"Undoubtedly."

"You are an impudent little rascal!" exclaimed Dawlish, striking him by the arm, "and I have made up my mind to punish you. Strip!"

Charles took no notice of the command.

"Off with your jacket!"

The boy refused; and yet he knew that by doing so he should only provoke a double amount of violence. Although so many years the senior of his assailant, Charles was not disinclined to cut for mercy, or show the slightest sign of fear; on the contrary, his eyes, generally so calm and soft, now flashed scorn and defiance on him.

Dawlish had never before met the wrist, which he turned so as to render all resistance on his part impossible. Just as he raised a cane to strike him, Alfred, whose attention had been engrossed at a distant part of the field, dashed between them.

"Has he struck you, Charles?" he inquired.

"Not yet."

"I should smile, Alfred, or I shall mark you," said the *sixth form boy*, with a sneer.

"You shall kill me," replied the generous boy, "before you lay a hand upon my brother. I have made you mine once days past. You have sought this occasion—mark it. Act the native college, well as I do."

"Again."

"I have a right to flog him."

"*But not to torture him.*"

Let him larrate her," whispered Charles in the ear of his brother; "I think I mind it."

"Torture!" repeated the former speaker; "nothing of the kind—a little correction will do him good. Stand back, or I shall hit you, although you are not the sixth form."

In advancing, with the evident intention of seizing the arm of Charles a second time, but a blow from the indignant hand of the elder brother sent him reeling.

"It is a battle, then!" said Dawlish, coolly. "Since you have provoked it—"

Alfred Wharton, though tall of his age, was of an exceedingly delicate constitution, and little relied, judging from appearances, to contend with a lad like Dawlish, two years his senior, stout, bold, and possessing, in addition, a scientific knowledge of fists not which rapidly, in the days of George the Fourth, condescended to patronize and practice.

In other words, he was an experienced boxer.

The contrast in their persons became still more marked when they had stripped for the combat for the fight.

"Not for me," exclaimed Charles, clinging to his brother—"not for me; they, I—I will apologize to Dawlish—submit to be thrashed, if that will satisfy him."

"Nothing will satisfy him now," replied Alfred; "but you have nothing to blame yourself for; he sought the quarrel—*mark it*."

Although we have witnessed such contests in our boyish days, and, we fear, taken a share in them, we have not the slightest intention of shocking the feelings, or even hurt the good taste of the majority of our readers by entering into a scientific description of the fight between Dawlish and Alfred. One was prompted by brutal passion and, a domineering spirit, the other by the fire, manly feeling of fraternal love to protect his younger brother.

For some time it appeared doubtful to the spectators how the contest would end. If the punishment which Wharton received was severe, so also was that which he inflicted.

His assailant observed that every time he struck him in the chest, the gallant youth changed color. Finally, he aimed at that vulnerable sentence. He aimed his blows at no other part; and, after a few of these had begun to tell with fearful effect.

Charles who stood by, pale as death, his eyes eloquent in the expression of the mental agony he suffered, could endure the sight no longer.

"He will murder him!" he exclaimed.

"Pooh! pooh! nothing of the kind," cried several of the boys greatly excited by an unusual an event as a battle between two rivals form boys.

Alfred's second now like his man must soon give in, and Dawlish would celebrate his victory by eating Charles before his brother's face.

"Get some brandy," he whispered to one of his friends. "They will keep him up; his opponent has not had that."

By the termination of the next round, the messenger had returned with the fiery stimulant, which the spirited boy drank, not to mistake his courage, but his inexperience.

"Not a tear," he whispered, as he embraced his younger brother—"not a tear, Charles, or you will unnerve me. Stand by your friend."

Dawlish had been right when he said that if he could give in.

"Let me at my brother cane!" replied Alfred, biting his bloodshot eyes upon him.

"Of course."

"Now—"

"Oh, very well; it will give me but little more trouble to kill you. You shall go to good enough, but you haven't the stamina. I warn you, it will be the last round."

He was right; with unblemished courage the gallant brother staggered, rather than advanced to meet him. A few blows were struck. Alfred fell.

There was a faint cheer from the admirers and followers of Dawlish, but it was drowned by the indignant murmurs of his victim's friends.

"He is ill," exclaimed William Thornton, who had vainly attempted to prevent the fight.

"I know what will revive him," said the victor, hastily raising the cane over his head, and advancing towards Charles, who was kneeling, overwhelmed with grief and terror, by the side of the dying boy.

A cry, so loud and piercing that it startled all but the deaf, burst from the eyes of the bevy of scarce. Alfred threw his arms around the neck of his brother, as if to shield him from the blow.

He did so, but it was with the embrace of death. With a stiff groan he met a last fall, and William Thornton, worked up to an intense pitch of excitement.

"Now, sir! shoulder him!" he cried; "suspect the dead."

The words were, alas, too true. The gallant boy had rendered up as pure a spirit as ever offered itself a willing sacrifice at the shrine of human honor.

Some of our readers, we fear, will pronounce the scene we have described unnatural, and we expect the author of drawing too strongly upon his powers to believe that such was the case. On remembrance, with the exception, of course, of the names of the parties, it most strictly true. The boy who died was the son of a nobleman distinguished for his position in the House of Peers, and if we do not name him, it is from a desire not to tax upon a wound which time perchance has healed.

The papers were filled with accounts of the fight at the time it occurred, and regretted, even more strongly than we have ventured to do, the system of flogging at our public schools. Truly, proclaimed it a great thing in England.

Great was the sensation caused in Eton by the death of Alfred Wharton. As a matter of course, his antagonist—for we presume it would be absurd to call him assassin—at on quitted the school, and, being well connected, his family purchased him a commission in a regiment bound for India.

The gallant Alan, which the husband of Lady Dell commanded.

So intense was the grief of Charles that it was months before his guardians thought it advisable to permit his return to college. Is he recollose to say that he was received with the greatest sympathy and kindness; but a marked change seemed to have come upon him in his character. The boy who once expressed an almost childish feeling of gratitude for any little acts of kindness, now received them with indifference; avoided all intercourse with his former companions, including even William, and passed his leisure hours in wandering by himself on the borders of the river, or in Windsor Forest.

For some time it was thought that this peculiarity would wear off; and Charles remain his former habits and manners; but no—they rather seemed to grow upon him, and more curiously were exhibited.

His schoolfellows wondered, not unnaturally, that he continued to pass his time, what were his avocations; and two of them, Thornton and Murray, resolved to watch him.

After trusting him into one of the most secluded and most dense great park, they discovered Charles shooting with a pistol at a mark against a tree, and at his intent upon his exercise, that he did not perceive them.

"He is by Jove," whispered Murray: "that was an excellent shot."

It was repeated, with the same effect.

The youths regarded each other, and simultaneously pronounced the name of Dawlish.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MICHAEL MURRAY IS TOO SOON OR WAS SOMEWHERE.

They spoke not a word to their friend, but kept on their way to the life of our hero. The boy had been passed by his guardians in the frequent visits to Jersey, or in the deepest retirement of Windsor Park, which, as our readers will recollect, he rented from Sir Norman Boothroyd. A singular change had taken place both in the character and the dress of the youth. He had lost that much of his confidence in human nature, a fearful suspicion that his wife had not with final place buried him, and it pointed to his nephew as the guilty one. How high did the dissolution of his own daughter and the conduct of her husband now appear in comparison with the atrocity of Carus, against whom the carelessness of the lawyer had failed to discover the one link wanting in the chain of evidence. The man, and his offer had been long and tempting, could induce the drug-vender to betray his employer, he could not be induced to betray his nephew.

Mr. Bently would at once have broken with his unworthy partner, had not one consideration restrained him.

On the first burst of his indignation at the marriage of Rachel, he had written more than one letter to his nephew, in which he had not concealed his conviction that George Hoffman had abstracted the will himself. His correspondence of the bankers in India, through whom they had been negotiated, tended to confirm the supposition; and the publication of his son-in-law was at the mercy of his bitterest enemy.

Rachel was once the unprincipled ruffian had threatened to make the proofs public, and blast the whole reputation of the man he hated. The circumstances of his uncle alone restrained him.

"Let him expose me," he said, "and I not only disherit you, but remove your name from the firm."

It was the last arrow in the quiver of Carus, and, with such a threat suspended over him, no wonder that he hesitated to discharge it.

Bently knew well that the city, a circumstance which both surprised and pained his faithful clerk exceedingly, for Peter Maugher was not comprehend how my man could find either amusement or occupation out of business; he never had. To him the mere thought of retiring from it was like striking a balance in the ledger of life, and writing "Finis" at the bottom of the page.

Since the day he first entered the counting-house, the old man had toiled so hardly, or felt so great a weight of responsibility resting upon his shoulders. He could obtain neither advice, direction, nor assistance from his principal, whose invariable reply to his letters was, "Act as you think best."

Peter did act as he thought best, and never had the affairs of the house been in a more prosperous condition. The yearly balancesheet showed success and still increasing profits; but Maugher, instead of being elated, felt nervous and terrified at his own success.

Although Carus Kears participated largely in the advantages arising to the firm, he was anything but satisfied. Peter Maugher, in the absence of the principal, alone held the signature of the house. In his name, he did not hesitate to accept splendid offers for important transactions, but then he invariably referred his own and the junior partner found himself reduced to a mere cipher in the presence of his own clerks. This was gall and wormwood to him; it stung his pride and self-consequence, and crippled him in certain speculations he had undertaken on his own account.

Worse than all, the dark phantom found himself unable to alter it. There was something in the manner of his uncle—the few brief words he had written in reply to his frequent letters of expostulation—that alarmed him. The shadow of the future appeared to be gathering round him dark and menacing; he would have given worlds to penetrate it, but the power was denied him. To a mind like his, the state of agitation and uncertainty in which he existed was not the least part of his punishment.

Peter Maugher was seated at his desk, buried in some memorandum, when Michael entered. Being pressed for time, he had given strict orders not to be interrupted under any pretext: till a certain hour, and naturally felt surprised and annoyed when he heard the door open, and some one enter his den, as he justly chose entirely exclusively designated the old man's private office.

"I thought I left directions not to be disturbed," he muttered, querulously. "Three, eight, six, eight, three, eight, nine, ten."

"Well, what is it?" he added.

Not receiving any reply, he raised his eyes from the column of figures before him, and recognized Mr. Bently, whom he had not seen for several months. Peter dropped the pen, popped from his stool, and shook his employer warmly by the hand.

"Glad you are come, Richard!" he exclaimed. "My poor brain could not have stood it much longer. What do you think of Barrow's affair? Shall we take Spinkell's agency? The security is ample enough, and two and three quarters per cent. will form a very pretty item. How are you, the Agra Bank, Pattock's bills, Palgrave's last invoice? Of course you will not give up the insurance—usually a profitable things things in the market; coffee heavy on hand, and silk worse. The last advances were only met in time; I might have had a quarter per cent. more, but thought it safest to close."

Here the speaker paused—not for want of subject, but breath; he had not half exhausted the theme yet. Just as he was about to recommence the merchant interrupted him by observing that he knew very little about the affairs.

"What! have you not read my last letters?" demanded Peter.

"As much of them as assured me that you were well," replied the merchant.

Here the old clerk gave a dissatisfied "Umph!"

"I have everything to say to you, my friend.

"But I won't have everything left to me," answered the former, impatiently. "My responsibility is awful—more than I can bear. Something dreadful must happen from such unbusinesslike conduct. You are the head of the firm; it is your duty to attend to business."

"I cannot," exclaimed the merchant, in a tone so desponding that it startled Peter, and caused him to examine his features, which were pale and care-worn. "Better wind up the affairs of the house at once. We are rich enough—more than I old, and—"

Peter interrupted the old clerk, impatiently. "Wind up the affairs! Why, it would be sinful—positively sinful, and take away a life; a first rate in the city. You are ill, Richard," he added in a kinder tone; "you must go to bed."

Never mind my grumbling. I am something like your old house now Peter—my will is not my own my title. Leave everything to me as long as you please; wish one I here for? As to your being old, dislike change, I am not so much the worse. In the last census I read three hundred more hundred, and several past ninety."

Mr. Bently faintly smiled.

"I dare say you are your being unwell," continued the speaker; "been too long out of business. Nothing like it, my word for it. I shall quest myself if I only miss a day. Follow my advice; better than all the doctors. Change; show yourself. Here are Marlinson's bills, Thompson's and Hamilton securities. You can't imagine how it will revive you."

"Not to-day, old friend," said the merchant; "I am not fit for it now. I will look at them to-morrow—more myself; besides, to-morrow I return to Middlewick."

"Ah! there it is!" observed Peter Maugher, mournfully. "Middlewick—the country! Your people contrive to exist in it I can't imagine. No fixtures—no proper amusements—no life. I could tell me in a week. Rely upon it that, for health and business, there is no place like London. Look at the beautiful Regent's Park—the improvements it seems as if he lived for a purpose—and something to do. Only wish you had taken a little settlement upon change, the fluctuations of the market, the ups and fall in the funds, would have a thing like them in the country."

It is impossible to say how long Peter Maugher might have continued in the same strain; for, like many other respectable old gentlemen, once mounted on his favorite hobby-horse, it was no easy thing to tire him; but, fortunately for the patience of our readers, the conversation of the junior partner of the firm acted as a damper upon his enthusiasm and, very logically, and caused him to interrupt his accounts.

Hopping back to his stool again, the old man took up his pen and rapped to enjoy their conversation by themselves.

Mr. Bently coldly touched the hand extended towards him. As he did so, a close observer must have remarked a slight convulsion of the right corner of his mouth.

"My dear sir," said the hypocrite, trying to look pleased, "I cannot express the happiness I feel at once more seeing you in London. From your silence, and very brief letters, I feared that you were ill, and more than once have been on the point of coming down to Middlewick. Peter—"

"I receive no visitors," replied the merchant, drily.

There was an awkward pause in the conversation, during which the scrubbing of Peter's pen, as he rent up the column of figures before him, became painfully audible.

"Doubtless you will remain in town some time," observed Carus.

"A day only."

"I am sorry to hear it!" exclaimed the nephew, giving way to his ill humor. "For independent of the pleasure it would afford me to see you daily,

your presence would render my position in the firm much more satisfactory?"

"Of what do you complain?" demanded his uncle. Mr. Maughs looked up from his desk; he took his cravat to hear what Cerus Kearn had to complain of.

"I have lost your confidence," answered the young man, "and with it all influence in the affairs of the house. It is time your clerk and cashier gave through the form of consulting me, but he invariably acts upon his own judgment, instead of my advice."

"The balance sheet proves that he is right," observed Mr. Bently, drily. "As a man of business I can be reliable."

"Very right is," mentally ejaculated the clerk. "First sensible thing I have heard fall from him for many a day."

"Then he alone is entrusted with the signature of the firm?" asked Cerus, bitterly.

"It is unnecessary that both should have it," replied the merchant; "it might create confusion. Besides, Peter has proved himself my friend—tried and faithful one, through life. He might have taken my partner had he desired it; my pecuniary has been in his hands for years. I shall not insult him by withdrawing it."

The emphatic tone in which this declaration was made, convinced Cerus Kearn that any attempt to shake the resolution of his uncle would be useless; he silently, therefore, dropped the subject. As for Maughs, who had heard every word, a sudden weakness seemed to have attacked him in the eyes. He rubbed them several times with the cuff of his coat; perhaps he was ashamed to be seen using his handkerchief, and mentally resolved to have a consultation of ingredients, to have grumbled at a little extra work and responsibility being cast upon his shoulders, which he now felt to be strong evidence of debt.

"Ah, Richard!" he mentally ejaculated, "had you acted as justly to your daughter's husband as to your old clerk, things would have been very different in Lombard street."

"Peter," said the merchant, as soon as they were once more alone together, "you stick to business too closely."

"How so, Mr. Bently?" exclaimed the old man, impatiently; "what else can a man of some skill in it what would become of his affairs without it?"

"But we are rich enough."

"It's not the money," replied the clerk, "but the pleasure of making it. How many has delight to dogs and guns, hunting, shooting in the woods and covers, trudging over heavy fields, catching doubtful odds, and all that sort? Well, business is my sport—the game I pursue; I couldn't live without it; and, as for old," he added, "I never knew the meaning of the word till you ceased to share it with me."

His employer, with all his wealth, secretly envied him.

"This child, or whatever else you may call it, Richard," continued the speaker, "will soon pass away, and we shall have you in Lombard street again."

"Perhaps," murmured Mr. Bently.

"I say we shall!" Don't look so dull, it reminds me of bankruptcy. You shall hear no more complaints from me; only"—here the old man hesitated a little—"if anything should go wrong, remember that I have a great many affairs to attend to, and can't give the necessary consideration to all with them. The exchanges are dreadfully fluctuating, Richard."

"Are they?" answered the head of the firm, unfeelingly; "I have no interest in them lately."

It cost Peter Maughs no slight effort to repress a groan, but he did repress it. He was not the principal nor following the variations of the money market took private and accidental interest how could he occupy his time?

From the city Mr. Bently drove to the house of his lawyer, to await the arrival of Richard Hoffman, whom he expected in London that very day. Our hero had completed his business and had twice, by letter, reminded him of his promise of sending an end to Lotin, in order to be at hand necessary to close the fame of his father.

It was this promise that weighed so heavily on the heart of his grandfather; and he resolved, if possible, to urge him to remain with him. The satisfaction he felt for the son of his offending child, resembled in its growth the try planted at the foot of some guarded oak: at first a very slender tree indeed, but a solitary leaf appeared, both so delicate and unobtrusive that he had scarcely observed it; then in time they gathered strength; the tender pod forth tender still more perfect leaves, until they completely encircled the trunk, reached to its branches, hiding the scars and seams of age with their ever verdant foliage.

In a word, Mr. Bently lived but in his grandson, and the thought of separation was more than he could to him.

"Is he here?" he eagerly demanded of his friend Morton, as the latter extended his hand to welcome him.

The lawyer with difficulty repressed a smile.

"Not yet," he answered, glancing at the timepiece: "it wants an hour, at least, to the arrival of the train."

"So much," murmured the old man impatiently. "You received my last letter?"

"I did."

"And the project I wrote of——"

"Is feasible," answered the lawyer, "especially from your influence with the government. I perceive but one difficulty—the boy's own consent."

"He will not refuse my offer," said the merchant, in a tone which indicated less confidence than his words expressed.

"You still believe, then, in the omnipotence of wealth?" observed Mr. Morton, sensationally.

"Experience hourly proves it," replied Mr. Bently. "There is a fascination in gold few seamen can withstand: it blinds the judgment, hardens the heart, and fills the brain with intoxicating dreams; it is the idol all worship—some in one form, others in health or happiness, but all with sacrifice."

"You speak honestly upon this point," said his legal adviser, with a smile.

"Because I have escaped its influence. Time was I looked upon it as the common bonus of existence, and felt an honest pride in the fact that I added up. Men bowed to it, and, like an idiot, I fancied the homage paid to the possessor, not the being possessed. I am not the fool," he added, with a sigh, "whose heart has been welded to a sixpence."

"And yet you wish Richard to become one of these blockwaggers," observed the lawyer, reproachfully.

"I would not die—at least I have lived—alone!" exclaimed his client, in a tone of deep emotion. "A bleeding's hand to close my eyes, their last glance resting on cold, unsympathizing features; I can not all love, and shrink from the terror of such a deathbed. Not another word," he added; "you cannot change my purpose."

"I shall not disturb my advice again," replied Mr. Morton, "and yet I cannot help feeling that it is a severe trial to put your grandson to."

"He will yield," answered the merchant.

"Or pass through the ordeal like gold from fire, the purer for the loss. But let us change the subject."

Willingly. Have you made the inquiries I directed respecting my nephew?"

The legal adviser of Mr. Bently opened his private desk, and drew forth a note-book, the pages of which he turned rapidly over, till he came to one closely written.

"Here it is," he said.

"And the results?"

"Listen. Cerus Kearn has been in the habit for many years past of speculating largely on his own account; his losses have been heavy, so heavy that he could not pay them, or rather that portion of it which came into his hands, is deficient.

"He fled," muttered his uncle, bitterly.

"Also a sum of money drawn upon him from India.

"Is that certain?" demanded the merchant, eagerly.

"Agent and Company presented them."

Mr. Bently made a memorandum in his pocket-book.

"And the points—the——"

"I understand you," interrupted the lawyer, willing to spare him the pain of alluding more particularly to so distressing a subject. "No means have been left untried. My clerk has been most tempting; but failed to shake the old man's confidence. His facts are stronger than his assertion. He declares that he has not the slightest recollection either of the name or person of the party to whom he made the pecuniary draft; but I have my doubts of the hope of tracing it," he added. "The man you described as the cringing hack who lives in the next neighborhood, and it already but scarcely working himself into the confidence of the new confidant. Peter Jan has!" he added, with a sigh.

"Was he so unfortunate?" demanded the young man.

"The world doubtless thought him so," answered Lieutenant Morton, "for he was poor; his parents, Richard, would have pronounced otherwise, for he had only seen and felt with a ridiculous pride the sense of his own importance. It was reserved for the cold-minded woman he married to complete the misery of his life."

As the party quitted the portrait gallery, the two men heard the voice of one of the old men-at-arms, Allan Stoolpoint, whom I knew in India, whose regiment my father commanded. Peter Jan has!" he added, with a sigh.

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The lawyer added that it heartily as he welcomed him to London.

Our hero pronounced the name of his old schoolfellow, who had quitted Jersey a year previously for Cambridge.

"He arrived last night," said his father, "for the long vacation, and is as impatient as yourself, my boy, to see you. He has written to say, with a sly *memory he should not forget*," he added; "that you are the greatest of my expected visitors, and that only for the present the relationship must remain a secret to the world: he will not betray it."

He rang the bell twice, as he concluded, the signal for his son to make his appearance.

Those who have experienced, in the warmth, the charm of boyhood's friendships, can imagine the pleasure of meeting after a long absence. "Jerry" were the only words that escaped them as they grasped each other by the hand, their eyes glistening with recollections which, even when the hair grows gray, and the heart encased with the opponents of the world, will sometimes startle us by their freshness. We pity, if we don't despise, the cold, selfish man who has seen none of the feelings and impressions of youth. For our own part, we prize them in the light and of memory, their purity and truthfulness; like the flowers of spring, they bring back to the heart of age all its more brilliant ones may unfold as we advance, but never with the same perfume.

"Your friend will accompany us to Meldrum," said Mr. Bently, who had been conversing with Lieutenant Marsh, the gentleman to whom he had confided the task of watching over the safety of his grandson.

"I feared you might find it dull in the country with only an old man and a child for society, Jerry," and have persuaded Morton to part with him for a week or two."

"Thank you, sir!" exclaimed our hero, gratefully. "But why leave the pleasure you have afforded me for a second invitation? You know I never tire of your society."

The lawyer smiled approvingly.

It was not the words—politeness or policy might have suggested them—but the tone in which they were uttered, and the look of the speaker, that carried conviction of his sincerity to the heart of his grandfather.

"I believe you, my dear boy," he said; "I believe you from my heart."

During the journey to St. Faith's, Richard was particularly quiet and reserved in answering the queries of his aged relative, whose feelings he divined, by engaging any preference for the society of his friend Harry. If Mr. Bently was weak upon the point, it was the weakness of affection, and the grandson appreciated it.

As the carriage drew up at the hall on the arrival of the party, Richard Hoffman, Lieutenant Maughless Northumbland dog came bounding over the lawn and began caressing the stranger.

"What a noble creature," observed both the young men.

"And faithful as he is intelligent," added his owner; "for weeks, I have frequently had no other companion than this dog."

Richard repeated the name.

The dog replied to it faithfully.

"Go to him," said Mr. Bently.

The intelligent animal licked his huge fore-paws upon the chest of our hero, looked earnestly into his face and wished; there was no need for any further introduction. From that moment they became friends.

Like most old family mansions, the home at Meldrum Park was rich in quaint relics of the past. In its great hall were arms and armor of all kinds, and done their weapons good service during the civil wars; and were more ancient than the rest, known by the name of the Conqueror's sword.

There was scarcely a room without some memorial of the old house. In one, it was a cabinet, which in its day had contained the papers of a statesman, or the elbow chair of a judge; in another, a portrait, whose portrait still adorned the picture gallery, a long, old-fashioned apartment, running the entire length of the north wing.

This was a favorite spot both with our hero and his friend Harry. Recently a drawing passed in which the housekeeper had not to leave her more important duties to relate to them the history of one of the family worthies.

But the portrait that most attracted the attention of Richard was a modern one, by Winterhalter, painted with that exquisite truthfulness, and lifelike expression which characterizes the productions of the great German master. It had only lately been added to the collection.

It represented a lovely girl, certainly not more than fifteen years of age, with an arch, gipsy-like expression of countenance, and a smile upon the half-open lips, sunny and bright as those which haunt the dreams of youth.

It was the likeness of Alice.

The latter had been sent Lieutenant Marsh, after having hunted the grounds for over hour in vain, had discovered the gazing dreamily on the picture; and, as may be supposed, were not specting of its feelings must on such occasions. Richard seemed him with being in love with a painting.

"It is the fate of most men," said the lieutenant, with a smile. "Few are caught by real character; it requires a certain degree of art to be able to be prevailed to appear. For my part," he added, "it matters very little whether the painting is executed on canvas or upon flesh and blood. The former is less dangerous of the two."

"Cynic!" exclaimed Richard.

"I should have said philosopher," added Harry.

"And both been equally in error," replied the speaker; "for I find too much good in human nature to merit the first appellation, and analyze it too little to lay claim to the last. Like our dreaming friend here, I am content to be pleased I know not why, and care not wherefore."

"I say, Richard with the portrait," said Richard, "there is as much darkness in the expression. I wonder if it will change?"

"I should say it does," observed the lieutenant, sadly.

"Then there never was a child less like its portrait," exclaimed Morton, pointing to the portraits of Richard and Harry, which hung by the window. "The likeness, at any rate, is a family one," resumed the former, "for it is that of the present and the last girls in India, and carried her off from a host of competitors. Their baptism, however, was the kindness and sympathy they received under circumstances under which they had met, and a tight block existed between Cerus Kearn and the head of his band to him.

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[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

STORMY DAYS.

Once I loved a stormy day,
Like this day as out and cosy
Sat I by the fire and read a story
Reading over and down,
And I looked to see the wind—
Wind that's but a cruel sight.

For while many days passed on,
Years old, and all changed,
For the one who sat alone,
What can stormy days be full of frailty
When the rain began to pour,
Then my heart was not so sore.

For a spell nothing came
Through the window to my reading,
Whispering my day dear my name,
Love thought would be known reading;
Though a breath from he were,
Blood a spiritual sense.

But, incensed as the moon,
Near as moon who from her sunrise
Doth to greet me—but too soon,
Love's sweet whispering,
Now I weep while interpret your
For mine angel—not so mine.

LAZY BERTOL;

OR THE SHOEMAKERS OF TOURS.

BY EMMA HILL.

Right o'clock at night;—there was a trampling of many feet—the eager rush of an excited crowd in the streets of Tours. It was the close of the year 1793, and the reign of terror, of a dreadful dream was about to be ended, ere the curtain of the night should fall upon the day that succeeded, of heaving elements of society subside into repose, an order of the Convention, decreeing the terror, was about to be put in execution. It had briefly commanded that the prisons of Tours and those of the neighboring towns should be opened, the prisoners emptied, and the miserable companies placed before the tribunal. Many had been condemned, many bored, and left to perish in the Loire. No more were to be added.

Many and terrible stories had already taken place in Tours and the neighboring towns, in which not only the rich were sacrificed, but the poor also; and yet the Reboth of slaughter (the force passion of a people maddened by tyranny, by famine and the memory of years of tyrannical rule and the most unbridled licentiousness) remained unappeased.

Assembled on a strip of wide-shingled beach leading to the river, a wild, disorderly mob, consisting of fish-women, ragpickers, charcoal-burners, and other inhabitants of the lowest class, with yells and imprecations, their impatience for the approaching executions, for the news of the guillotine rapidly had only sent to the prison to announce to the wretched beings who were still confined that they were expected to take place for another hour.

It was a calm, heavenly night in the early autumn of the year, and the moon, at the full, shone with a clear, pale light upon the scene of confusion, which literally covered above the crowd, and the lamps, and lanterns spread over the scene. His eyes were dark and had something dull and dreamy in their expression, as leaning against the edge of the pier, he gazed vacantly into the water; but when he spoke, or replied to the remarks of those around him, they sparkled with a fierce brightness that resembled the lurid flash of the lightning in some tropic storm. It was a strange, haunting face, sallow and meagre, yet with a grave, noble outline of features, to which dark masses of uncombed hair, falling over the broad forehead and mingling with a long beard of the same hue, added more strikingly—a countenance that might have belonged to a Greek slave or a barbaric king, no subtle was the impress of undeveloped intellect and power it bore.

A fierce, wild cry now arose—then the roll of wheels, and the prison tumbrils, three enclosed vehicles almost packed to the roof, preceded by gensd'armes, came thundering on. The prisoners were dragged from the carts, and were collected in huddled groups by the officials.

The usual yell of "*Death to the aristocrats!*" which had greeted the arrival of the miserable victims, was immediately hushed as the crowd gazed upon the wan, agonized countenances before them, by one of those strange, magnetic throbs of human sympathy, by which the throng seemed to be one to-day, yet her withered, homely features had a kindly, gentle expression that rendered her not unpleasing.

"*Mon Dieu!* Bertol, you are dripping with water. Have you been in the river?" she exclaimed.

"And who is this young woman that reminds me of my lost?"

"She is my wife," he muttered; "yes, mine. I snatched her from the cold waves. Hut me! She is dying! The brute must have killed her with their blows. Curses on them!"

"Speak not thus," she replied, her eyes overflowing, were still closed; a blue, livid welt was on her cheek, from which a drop of blood oozed slowly. The small waxen hands were lightly clasped, and the face, with its delicate features, its innocent beauty, seemed, indeed, sunk in the repose of death. The young man gazed compassionately on it, and as the tears of his love to take a manner survey, and those dark, passionate orbs seemed at last to find like the birth of the storm, now warm with a tender and subdued expression. "Is she your wife?" demanded the old child's, as he wiped the blood off her cheek with a corner of the coarse coverlid. He bent down, and gently raising the unconscious girl's head, poured some of the water through her lips. It seemed to revive her. She gave a faint moan, and the veil of eyes, blue and complete as an angel's, rested on the shoulder of her husband. "Compassionate creature!" then, as if smitten with humiliation by such an exhibition of beauty, he turned away and gave place to the old woman.

Her tender hands and yells, with blows upon the door, roused him.

"Bertol! hear Bertol! are my shoes done?" she cried, in a voice shrill with anger. "—Ho! Bertol, bring out your pretty wife!"

The young man's face grew more and livid with rage. His eyes flashed fire. He sprang into the room, and seizing a heavy shoemaker's hammer which stood in a corner, he dashed open the cottage door. In front of the forest stood a group of men. They guessed as if to identify his foes.

"Friends, neighbors, beware!" he muttered, in a voice more like that of a wild beast than a child to the roar of a wild beast. "Beware. I say, and never more will I work for you. Come not near me, or I swear I will lay every one of you dead at my feet!" The group, wavering, wavered, and stood to you that you should disturb me in my humble home!"

He swung the massive club over his head, and his giant form seemed to dilate with greater magnitude. The crowd shrunk back with undisguised apologies; the rest fled, and in a few moments the forest was deserted.

He slammed the cottage door. There was no bolt, no bar to it. He was safe from all interference against it.

The young stranger's eyes were still closed, as if from exhaustion. The old woman was applying some salve to her cheek. Bertol crept behind her, and, raising the hammer in his right hand he struck forcibly but disappeared, but the bearing of his head cloud that downed her at once, and she fell not subdued.

"Do not go home to-night, Margot," said he, gently. "This poor child seems very ill, and I will go to Lombard street for help."

"She is one of them, I suppose," said Margot, nodding significantly.

"Oh, Margot," said the young man, in humble, supplicating accents, "you have been kind to me. You know I am not rich, but since my poor mother died I have had no one to love me, and for me, so I got out to care for working; it will be different now, if she only lives. I will never be lazy again—never. I have been very foolish into a new man, since I held her in my arms. You will give her to me, Margot, and I will be kind and do like your daughter Rose. Oh, let her be your daughter, Rose. She looks so good as she sleeps!"

No, Margot, I will work so hard that this cruder and fellows may grow bright and beautiful, for it does seem to me to be the strife of different clay to us!"

"Bah!" said the old woman, bitterly. "She is an aristocrat, and has been daintily fed and cared for. Rose is not good. Rose was born to work on before hard work and hunger killed her."

At this moment the young girl opened her eyes. There was something in their wild, dreamy look that seemed to degenerate unkindness. The old woman's heart, which had become hard from the misery of her own dead child, was forced to utter a few words of sympathy, which, if not warmed by some strange impulse, shrunk kindly back. The young girl put her hand to her head. "Oh, I, I, I," she murmured. "I thought I was in Heaven. Where a—I, good mother?"

That sweet, musical voice seemed to possess a charm. "Margot," said Margot, "I am Bertol," said she; "no one shall ever again harm you."

"Yes, sure," was the reply, followed by another, more impressively from Bertol's lips.

The young stranger turned her head, and as a pair of large, dark eyes met his, there was such a blending of pity, tenderness and respect mingled upon that sweet, half savage countenance, that she did not withdraw her gaze in terror, as he bent hastily over her and wept like a child. Her impressions had rung in her ears for so many days, that the sight of pity and sympathy seemed to fall like balm upon her wounded spirit.

"Kind friend, I thank you," said she, extending her hand to him. He took it in the presence of Margot, Bertol would have kissed their small, rose-tinted fingers, her rude and wrong to be approved, the whole nature of the man was chivalrous and romantic, the coolest touch of love had awakened the slumbering elements of his character, and they had started at once into life and vigor. As it was, he took it, and held it for some moments awkwardly in his great palms.

The young stranger, who did not appear sufficiently to realize her situation, nor the strange manner in which she had been saved, withdrew her hand slowly, and closed her eyes as if to sleep.

"She is weak, Margot," said Bertol; "it must

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he long since she has tasted anything. I will make her some tea."

"There is none," said the old woman, inconsiderately.

"Have we got a little wine?" asked Bertal, more timidly.

"No. We have got nothing but water," said the old woman. But I can tell thee at dinner that we had eaten the last morsel of food, and the only drop of wine in the house! and you said you did not care—that when you were hungry you made more work!"

A gross involuntarily burst from the man's mighty chest. True, he had been as idle and carefree as the birds of the air.

Margot continued: "I met money twice from the door to-day. Dr. Dumont sends his boots, and children Gervais has been sending every half hour for his shoes. He called at last himself, and wanted to take them as they were, half a mile, but not in a hurry, to be sure, but then he works like a horse when he does begin, and will do better and neater work in an hour than another of the craft in a day; he will surely do them to-morrow."

"And you said all this for me, good Margot?" said Bertal, humbly. "Fear not, I will do them all to-night, and the poor child to-day's work—and Dieu! she will die, after all. Oh! you are right, Margot. It is a shame for a strong man like me to be so poor as to have nothing to give another in time of need!"

Margot surveyed him with some surprise, as he one or two stalked up and downward the room. The old woman was naturally kind-hearted. She seemed subdued at first and appreciative of some great change had commenced in the young man, for her face lost much of its sour expression, and her voice softened when she spoke.

"Well, Bertal, Gervais said he knew you were a good workman, and that if you once promised you would not break your word ; so he paid me for the shoes, and said he would break his heart sooner."

The shoemaker paused in his walk, and his lips had broken in that beautiful black beard, quiveringly.

"God bless him! he is a good man," said he. "I will finish them at once."

"I must go and get something for that little one," said the woman. "She may not live, but strangely in my head, but I feel better for it. Bertal, you are a fool, and poor enough, but you can do bold. I will not be long."

Bertal smiled. He had been thinking of his poverty.

"I'm, Margot," said he, mechanically. He threw one anxious glance upon the bed, barricaded the door, and then threw some logs of wood on the decaying embers, and stooping down blew the fire with his breath into a flame. He then poured some water into an earthen platter and placed the cod-fish, and put all in the fire. That done, as it sizzled in the pan, the agitation of his mind was passed with quick and unequal strides up and down the narrow room. Now and then he paused, looked sorely around, and seemed to take in for the first time the squalor and meanness of his abode. A wooden bedstead, covered with flocks and rags, and straw, and piles of unfinished work, stood beneath the small window, and near it a deal table, a dilapidated rush chair, and a rough wooden cupboard, containing a few articles of rude delf, was his sole furniture; and even these betrayed a neglect and disorder seldom seen in the dwellings of the very poor.

In one of his walks his eyes fell upon a small, triangular piece of looking-glass stuck against the wall. The shoemaker, a strange being as he was, began to heal never gazed into a mirror before, for he started as he looked, and half-fearfully swept back with his hand the dark masses of hair that covered his broad brow, then returning his walk, he surveyed his hands, his limbs and his coarse clothes. A profound, almost despairing sigh escaped him, he then himself on a seat beside the fire, and leaning his face on his breast gazed into the flames. Before him he beheld a vision of a life of unwilling and glowing esteem, as they gradually assumed into shape; but more vivid than the dream of hope and promise and awakened energy, for his dark eyes became brighter and more joyous in their expression, his breast heaved, and the muscular hand that lay upon his knee was nervously clasped and unclasped.

The brilliant fumes of the pine wood sank lower and lower, and the cod-fish lay in the pan unheeded, and so deep was his reverie that but for the return of Margot he would have gone on.

"Here, Bertal," said she, starting slightly up, "I will give it to her while you get the supper."

Kindly, tenderly as a woman, he knelt beside the lowly bed, and raised the head, and held the wine to the young girl's lips. She opened her eyes and drank eagerly, as one who had suffered from exhaustion and starvation.

Sunk in deep thought, yet with a pleased and thankful expression on his countenance, the shoemaker seated himself at his humble supper. He had eaten nothing, as the old woman said, since a scanty dinner, yet the food lay untasted before him ; for on the other side of the hearth, in a state of silent surprise, it was listed in lumps that would have choked an ordinary hunger, the old woman and the night on which Margot came and lay down on the little pallet beside the young stranger. They slept, and the pale moonbeam glanced through the little window till upon their faces, the bosomed, wrinkled face of the old woman seemed that of some sibyl guarding a youthful Hebe.

In the course of the night a fever came on Bertal's breast ; there he sat during the weary hours of the night, while his fingers flew with unusual industry and activity. The gray dawn of morning struggling through the dusty panes still found him at his task.

The shoemaker did not appear tired, or look paler or more haggard. On the contrary, he was glowed with new fire and energy, and a fresher and more youthful appearance succeeded his midnight toil. He heard with evident joy that the young stranger was better. By his direction the old woman cooked a breakfast. He then awakened and a few hasty mouthfuls, and putting his work into an old leather bag, with repeated injunctions to Margot to permit no one to enter until his return, he departed. After the lapse of an hour he returned, bringing a supply of provisions, the amount of which, and delicacy of which showed that Margot out of her ; her joy and surprise increased still more, when she saw him again seat himself at his bench, and commence work.

"*Ma foi!* the little one has bewitched him," muttered the old woman. "Only to think of it, Bertal that would not work a stitch if he thought there was only a dry crust in the house."

The young man had indeed amply deserved the contempt of lazy Bertal, bestowed on him in derision by his friends and neighbors ; for though an admirable workman, either from a natural indolence, which required some powerful stimulus to exertion, or grief caused by the death of a beloved mother, he had never been known of late years to work unless driven by the pressure of extreme want.

Example is everything, and from being everyday set at Bertal's wonderful industry Margot became somewhat less censorious. She seemed suddenly endued with a zeal and patience that were incapable of exertion or fatigue. The invalid, too, was carefully nursed and attended to by old Margot, who had begun to love her gentle charge as if she were indeed her daughter Rose.

Oh! those weary hours and weeks, how Bertal had counted them, how he longed to behold again that lovely face for with the reserve and delicacy of true love he had never entered the little shed nor since the evening he had removed her from the street.

The happy morn at length came ; and leaning on old Margot, Ada de Clarens entered the little shop. How pale but beautiful she looked! beautiful as some angelic vision of the past, with those long golden curls floating round her like a silken veil ; and those soft, sweet eyes, that in their softness and purity and loveliness seemed to dwell. She no longer knew the strange terms that had never left her young lips, for her bright mind soon learned as she held out her hand to the young artisan. Yes, respectful of every kind and delicate look, Bertal no longer felt awkward or clumsy. During the last lonely night's vigil he had pondered the question, forced on him by the beauty and refinement of her he loved, and had determined that the proffered love of a lover, good man was no insult even to a queen. Still he acted unconsciously as he placed her in his mother's oaken chair beside the fire. She looked so wan and sorrowful and subdued by pain and suffering, so creature, when he had taken thus strangely under his protection, that "mine" seemed the law of friends lost in those days, those terrible days in which he had been an actor, for he was pressed with love-illumined eyes, now looked back upon the past, and beyond those sacred walls.

But Ada did not leave him long to muse. With the confiding openness of youth she told him her story. She was an orphan, but had been brought up by her uncle, the Marquis de Clarens, who was the noblest castle that reared its walls upon the rocky banks of the Rhone. The Count de Clarens had passed like a happy dream, until the breaking out of the troubles, and the flight of many of the nobles of Paris, first confiding her to the care of the shoemaker's wife, who had placed her in concealment in the vault if he did not return. He had been one of the first that had fallen, and she commenced her narrative with the moment when she had been left alone, she gradually grew happy with the sisters and her young companions, who loved her. But Ada, ever so fervent, her birds took up all her time, and the thought of her uncle, beyond those sacred walls. The convent was secluded among spacious grounds, and hitherto had remained unmolested ; but when the wild rumors that sometimes reached them, until the terrible meeting with Bertal, terrified the nuns, burst through the grounds. She and the greater part of her companions were separated, and sent to thrown into prison. Days and weeks rolled on, and on by one the grander part of their number had been led to execution, while the survivors were lastly expecting their doom, when the fatal evening arrived that had brought her to Bertal.

Bertal felt humbled and abashed as he listened. He was a great but ill-cultivated man, and his whole mood is had hurried with an ardent and untameable love of liberty. He had scarcely comprehended all the bitter wrongs of the people until his heart had swelled with indignation. He knew not of deeds that he belonged to had for centuries groaned under the iron yoke of a proud, selfish aristocracy, and that his own great talents had penetrated through every bar and bamdle of caste hypocrisy, and commanded at its zenith the respect and the strong man bowed down and withered in his prime—did they not all spring from the people? He deplored now the deeds of cruelty and vice that had arisen out of the misery of the many, and in the hour ; yet still he stood convinced of the right-ousness of their cause. But this poor child—how could he tell her this—how alone to her for all that she had lost? Or, had she would love him, as he would be to her lover, husband, more than his he would be devoted to her!

For a moment the young artisan stood stupified, embarrassed—he rent, with kindling eye and burning cheek, his task beside the young stranger. Emily never complained, and I believe she was grateful for a relief, and the delicate attention that met her every want, and smoothed the sheet, and arranged the pillows, and the soft hand that bathed her temples, and the sweet voice that soothed her.

Years of joy literally rolled from Bertal's eyes as he perused that last young page of his life's record. He could not believe his happiness. Love, such love as only visits deep and passionate natures, had taken possession of his heart, and he was mentally vowed, if the young stranger could not be his wife, he would die a free, and a martyr to provide her with a safe asylum in another land.

Bertal and Ada were united. The former was delicately nurtured child of aristocracy made a meek and loving partner. The young artisan, deemed unconditionally, possessed a talent for knowledge ; and the comprehensibly of his refined and cultivated with gradually increasing love for his gentle wife. Many an hour of the long winter evenings were now devoted to study. Ada spoke in her sweet fingers to write with fluency and ease. His love and unceasing industry had been rewarded with success ; he gradually increased in wealth, and in the hopes of a few years he would be able to leave Paris, and purchase a small estate in Switzerland, Bertal provided his wife in the early days of the revolt, and the cruelty of her uncle. He was removed to the house of her childhood, which, when stately walls sprung up, the children of the descendants of Tours—a living and happy family—who still flourish on the banks of the Loire.

To THE EDITOR.—Flirtation, whether seriously or lightly considered, is injurious to a woman, as well as exceedingly unbecoming to her. It is a trivial, unblushing confidence, which the individual makes of her desire to attract the notice of men. Avoid it, then, altogether.

I SAW TREE IN MY DREAM.

BY KITTY B.

Last night I saw thee in my dream, beloved,
And, oh! how kindly thou didst look on me.
The fervent hope within my heart revived,
The fire had smiled, love's sweet dream was free.

That blessed vision came to me in my sleep,
That for an early days had grieved my heart;
And then I gazed upon the spirit look,
Shining like young birds weary of the nest.

And now I take the letter to my heart,
It seems one life-good day had reached us soon,
Oh, my heart is busy with thoughts of thee,
Hoping that other joys would greet us soon.

THE THREE HOMES;

OR,

THE GOVERNESS'S BROTHER.

We were poor and proud.

I can just remember the time when the silver fell (though I was too young to realize the significance) then humiliated my father's fortune, and reduced us all to the large, hand-to-hand struggle for every day life. Of course, in daily consultations of the thousand shifts and straits by which we strove to hide the incursions of our resources, my father was the chief and most important actor in our procession. I daily listened to falsehoods from my mother, and to evasions from Aunt Jane, and later maxims that never reached her ears, which I remember to have puzzled my childish brain, and were beautiful in expression, as they were lovely in form and feeling.

I saw the frown upon my father's brow, and heard the angry reproaches, whenever, by chance or talent, our meagre fare was improved, or the unwonted luxury, our fires burned too brightly, or the comforts of her big family house appeared, and yet when guests were with us, he was the courtly man of the world, and I thought him grand. And unanimously as he placed her in his mother's or son-in-law beside the fire. She looked so wan and sorrowful and subdued by pain and suffering, so creature, when he had taken thus strangely under his protection, that "mine" seemed the law of friends lost in those days, those terrible days in which he had been an actor, for he was pressed with love-illumined eyes, now looked back upon the past, and beyond those sacred walls.

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Charles Laning was poor, and, with the world all before him, had yet to win, in the umpiring struggle of life, means and fortune. That he would do this neither Emily nor myself doubted. And we often sat, with our hands clasped in his, and listened to the recital of his hopes and efforts, the sister's pale face glowing with all her sweet love, mine, I know, reflecting every passing emotion depicted upon his handsome features.

These were very happy hours, that occurred at rare intervals during the years at Emily's sojourn with us, and, I prized them only less than she. My mother, absorbed in her schemes and plans, had apparently never dreamed of danger to me from the visits of Charles Laning. And while I lived surrounded by the golden-hued atmosphere of youthful love, she was restlessly planning to secure for me a rich metropolitanite husband, on my entrance into society.

I was nearly eighteen on the occasion of Charles Laning's last visit. My birth-night was to be appointed by a ball, that was to introduce me into society, and my mother had long been absorbed in the preparations for this event, which required home and travel enough to furnish a fortune diplomat, or cabinet minister, and I was left unready to myself.

Nevertheless I was for once wanting while Charles Laning was with us. We sat—Emily, Charles, and myself—under the little fire in the apartment which was our school and sitting-room—sat with our heads touching, listening and speaking as such friends will, after long absence. Emily's head lay upon her brother's breast, I sat on a low stool at his feet, and leaned upon his knee—the arm of the chair which encircled Emily's waist. Charles, the other rested carelessly upon my head, and he looked down into my face, speaking with his eyes love-tales that his proud lips would not utter, reading in return, perhaps, all he wished to know, and more than I ever exhibited our hearts' secret, when my mother suddenly threw open the door, and, without regarding us—surprise, confusion—all visible in her puckered and haughty features.

The sudden entrance of my mother startled the party of my intercourse with Charles Laning until that time. Emily looked down, and in shame and fear, or feeling of my own, but of my mother's ungentlemanly conduct. Completely overwhelmed, I endeavored to be led from the room to my own apartment. I heard words of storm and anger, I felt my mother's hand upon my arm, and then I was alone.

My mother turned the key in the lock, and the next moment I heard her voice, loud and angry, in the room where the brotherhood sisterhood reclined. Presently Charles Laning came forth. Then my mother and I heard him say—

"You will not visit any unconscious wrong of mine upon the head of my innocent sister, I trust, madam. I shall return to my alma mater, but Alice, it was surely no fault of hers. If I had a friend I would hastily remove her to it, but you only compels me to permit her stay for the present with you. Her welfare and happiness, I trust, you will ; but you may rest assured that not even her brother's influence has come again beneath its chalice."

I could keep his proud look as to exit this, and my mother's chilling glance, as his eye rested upon me then where mean thoughts had left so many of their traces, and I heard the door closed again rapidly on. I heard his tread upon the stairs, the door closed, and then I sprang to the window, and looked down upon the gravel walk, and saw Charles Laning—he angrily impassioned.

Once only he turned, and gazed for a moment at the window of the house. He saw me, waved his handkerchief in adieu, lifted his hat, and then, with a proud step, departed before I saw him again.

A month later I received Emily's dying breath. The shock of her brother's dismissal had exhausted her little strength, and had my mother intended to be more saucy, she could not have done so, for from that day, she never left the bed upon which, four weeks later, she breathed her last. My mother had forbidden all communication with Charles Laning, and I can but think that Emily's anger, together with the few lines penned by her brother, had been the cause of her death. But to my mother, for I would not do anything secretly, she had expressed her intention to write to my instance. When his answer came, thanking me for the letter, and informing me of his ward, that he dear I was even in his hours of desolation, I labored for a reply, and that was my offending epistle which was, perhaps, in her sense of worldly wisdom, for I might easily have been induced by opposition to the commencement of the correspondence. But for years this was our last communication.

Charles Laning rose to an endless round of gayeties. We often had company in the house, and I became so long visits to our neighbors and distant acquaintances. So much of our life as was spent in the society of my mother's friends was strange, mean, contentious; that which passed in the society of Emily's brother was pure and joyous, my detestation of the artifices and subterfuges of this life of mere drudge all bounds. I would say to my mother, when my parents, receive lessons and reproaches in return, and then, almost wishing that I had never seen Emily's brother, I would sleep beneath the green church-yard mound, I would say to myself, that I was a miserable creature in the solitude of my own room, or in the silent hours of the night, when I could weep, and pray, and think upon him who was my only friend and guide.

Years by one I felt bereaved and desolate, and for days, that lengthened into weeks, I wished that I might die. Nevertheless there was one hope springing up fruitfully, though almost unacknowledged, in my heart—one blessed hope which, in the opinion of many others beside my self, saved to her. And yet its fruition seemed very, very distant.

While Emily Laning lived with us, she was, from her delicate health, my mother's favorite. This brother, her sole remaining relative, Emily had left to the charge of affectionate friends, and to my mother's solicitude. She welcomed him with transports of delight that cost her hours after, and I was left to myself, while they, who disclaimed sorrow and when he left her, each seemed to accompany him, either exhausted by her grief, or else, along with the sacred, solemn thoughts of the thought that followed his carriage.

Charles Laning was worthy even of this devotion. For years of the absence of Emily at the parent, most angelic of beings, all of whose emotions were centered in her brother, she had died. He was brave, strong, handsome, good, noble—as near perfection as mortal ever came. He loved Emily, and as another, bearing his genius from a fond sister's lips, looking upon his splendid manly beauty, knowing how ruthlessly he maintained his protracted hand-to-hand struggle with adverse fortune, I loved only to believe.

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While Emily Laning lived with us, she was, from her delicate health, my mother's favorite. This brother, her sole remaining relative, Emily had left to the charge of affectionate friends, and to my mother's solicitude. She welcomed him with transports of delight that cost her hours after, and I was left to myself, while they, who disclaimed sorrow and when he left her, each seemed to accompany him, either exhausted by her grief, or else, along with the sacred, solemn thoughts of the thought that followed his carriage.

Charles Laning was worthy even of this devotion. For years of the absence of Emily at the parent, most angelic of beings, all of whose emotions were centered in her brother, she had died. He was brave, strong, handsome, good, noble—as near perfection as mortal ever came. He loved Emily, and as another, bearing his genius from a fond sister's lips, looking upon his splendid manly beauty, knowing how ruthlessly he maintained his protracted hand-to-hand struggle with adverse fortune, I loved only to believe.

Charles Laning was poor, and, with the world all before him, had yet to win, in the umpiring struggle of life, means and fortune. That he would do this neither Emily nor myself doubted. And we often sat, with our hands clasped in his, and listened to the recital of his hopes and efforts, the sister's pale face glowing with all her sweet

love, mine, I know, reflecting every passing emotion depicted upon his handsome features.

These were very happy hours, that occurred at rare intervals during the years at Emily's sojourn with us, and, I prized them only less than she. My mother, absorbed in her schemes and plans, had apparently never dreamed of danger to me from the visits of Charles Laning. And while I lived surrounded by the golden-hued atmosphere of youthful love, she was restlessly planning to secure for me a rich metropolitanite husband, on my entrance into society.

I was nearly eighteen on the occasion of Charles Laning's last visit. My birth-night was to be appointed by a ball, that was to introduce me into society, and my mother had long been absorbed in the preparations for this event, which required home and travel enough to furnish a fortune diplomat, or cabinet minister, and I was left unready to myself.

Nevertheless I was for once wanting while Charles Laning was with us. We sat—Emily, Charles, and myself—under the little fire in the apartment which was our school and sitting-room—sat with our heads touching, listening and speaking as such friends will, after long absence. Emily's head lay upon her brother's breast, I sat on a low stool at his feet, and leaned upon his knee—the arm of the chair which encircled Emily's waist. Charles, the other rested carelessly upon my head, and he looked down into my face, speaking with his eyes love-tales that his proud lips would not utter, reading in return, perhaps, all he wished to know, and more than I ever exhibited our hearts' secret, when my mother suddenly threw open the door, and, without regarding us—surprise, confusion—all visible in her puckered and haughty features.

The sudden entrance of my mother startled the party of my intercourse with Charles Laning until that time. Emily looked down, and in shame and fear, or feeling of my own, but of my mother's ungentlemanly conduct. Completely overwhelmed, I endeavored to be led from the room to my own apartment. I heard words of storm and anger, I felt my mother's hand upon my arm, and then I was alone.

My mother turned the key in the lock, and the next moment I heard her voice, loud and angry, in the room where the brotherhood sisterhood reclined. Presently Charles Laning came forth. Then my mother and I heard him say—

"You will not visit any unconscious wrong of mine upon the head of my innocent sister, I trust, madam. I shall return to my alma mater, but Alice, it was surely no fault of hers. If I had a friend I would hastily remove her to it, but you only compels me to permit her stay for the present with you. Her welfare and happiness, I trust, you will ; but you may rest assured that not even her brother's influence has come again beneath its chalice."

I could keep his proud look as to exit this, and my mother's chilling glance, as his eye rested upon me then where mean thoughts had left so many of their traces, and I heard the door closed again rapidly on. I heard his tread upon the stairs, the door closed, and then I sprang to the window, and looked down upon the gravel walk, and saw Charles Laning—he angrily impassioned.

Once only he turned, and gazed for a moment at the window of the house. He saw me, waved his handkerchief in adieu, lifted his hat, and then, with a proud step, departed before I saw him again.

A month later I received Emily's dying breath. The shock of her brother's dismissal had exhausted her little strength, and had my mother intended to be more saucy, she could not have done so, for from that day, she never left the bed upon which, four weeks later, she breathed her last. My mother had forbidden all communication with Charles Laning, and I can but think that Emily's anger, together with the few lines penned by her brother, had been the cause of her death. But to my mother, for I would not do anything secretly, she had expressed her intention to write to my instance. When his answer came, thanking me for the letter, and informing me of his ward, that he dear I was even in his hours of desolation, I labored for a reply, and that was my offending epistle which was, perhaps, in her sense of worldly wisdom, for I might easily have been induced by opposition to the commencement of the correspondence. But for years this was our last communication.

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SHE CAME IN TEARS.

BY WILLIE S. PARSE.

The Spring came in with lion in tears,
As if she wept the truth to know
That year was one beyond the years
Of earth, the mortal state and wo.

There had been more of blight than bloom;
There had been less of life than tomb;
And grief had left but little room
For pleasure's smile and pleasure's dream.

She came in tears; she saw the bride
Her earth her mistress was to reign,
In materials; and the ball her lands
Its sod to be a child in pain.

She wandered on with the hope she kept,
Of better, brighter days to come;
Of pleasure that long had slept
When we ignorance had been asleep.

She fled on and beyond the clouds,
To where the pleasure sunshine lay
On Faith's fervent cheek, and there she had
Her freedom from the shining way.

She came in sorrow; but she saw more
For us, we yield to her the hand
We have to sing existence from;
And she shall lead us through the land.

She came in tears; we see the sun
In promise for the smiles to come;
The rain promotes the clear sunshine,
And joy shall fill each withered home.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The following story was told, a number of years ago, by an old Revolutionary soldier, to his children and grandchildren, as they sat around the festive board of a Thanksgiving dinner. The writer, then quite a youth, was present—indeed, not as a relative—and heard it, and treasured it up in his memory, and, and put it in the public, as nearly as he can remember, in the language of the veteran, supprecating only the means of the pardon lavished, which for himself he can bestow on those who have in store.

The 19th of April, 1775, (begin the aged narrator,) was a day long to be remembered, not only by myself, but by all who took a pride in our glorious institutions. The ever-to-be-consecrated morning dawned bright and warm—genial, and ushered in calm glory, as if it were not to witness the bloody opening of that great drama, upon which the eyes of the whole civilized world were so intensely turned, and whose closing scenes have left us a free and independent nation.

I was at that time about two-and-twenty years of age, and was in the employ of Mr. Simon Willis, as a farm-hand. I had gone down to the field alone, about the usual hour; but had not been there long, when Mr. Simon came hurrying down, and in an excited tone, said:

"Jacob, there are strange things going on; and the time has now arrived when we must either take a bold stand, and defend our rights with our lives, or meanly submit like cowards to British oppression."

I asked him what he meant, and he replied:

"A messenger has just passed my barn, on his way to alarm the country, who says that a large body of British troops, on their march from Boston to Concord, passed through Lexington early the morning, and, without provocation, fired upon the militia and citizens, killing and wounding quite a number."

He further said that great alarm prevailed throughout the country round about—that the bells had been rung and the drum beat, to summon the men were everywhere hearing their work and hurrying to the field of action, and asked me if I was willing to take a part in the coming struggle.

"Yes," I replied; "if matters have come to such a pass, I would rather fight on the field of battle than here."

"The cattle your work at once," he said; "take your gun, and go and do your duty; for if you fail me I do, you would stand a chance to become a thousand times the slave."

Accordingly I left the field, and hurried to the house, where I equipped myself as well as I could, only being delayed some half an hour in running a few extra bullets, as my ammunition having fortunately been filled a few days before. Then putting up some provisions, for I did not know when I should return, I bade Mr. Simon and his family good-bye, and told them, if they never saw me again, I hoped at least they would bear a good account of me.

I had not gone far, when I met a horseman riding at full speed. I asked him the news, and he swung out, without stopping his horse:

"A large body of British troops, after shooting down several men in Lexington, have marched upon Concord, to destroy the town. Hurry on, for every man is wanted!"

He said something more, but this was all I caught—for his horse, being on the run, had carried him beyond my hearing.

I then struck across the fields to the Concord road, running most of the way; and when I came in sight of the road, I saw many persons hurrying on from every direction, each one charging with all his gun and whatever else he thought needful—sometimes alone like myself, but mostly in parties of two, three, and four—seldom more.

Soon after I got into the Concord road, I met a couple of men, just coming through the woods from Lexington. I stopped and asked them the news; and one replied, very readily:

"Dreadful times, friend! dreadful times! A large body of British infantry and grenadiers have marched on to Concord to destroy the place, which they are doing at this minute."

"Then why are you not there to defend it?" I quired I.

"Because the citizens and militia are at present too few to cope with the British; and we, with many others, have been dispatched by Colonel ——, to act as scouts, alarm the country, and get full reports of the doings below."

I then asked them if they thought I could be of any service at Concord; and they answered that I had better go and see for myself; but that everybody was greatly alarmed, and so far there was no unity of action.

After this I did not hurry as before, but walked on quickly, keeping a sharp look-out, and wondering to myself how the affair was going to terminate. But thinking it was my conduct to approach the village by the road, and not caring to be mixed up with other parties, I soon more turned off into the fields, and taking a kind of roundabout course, ascended some high ground, whence I could get a partial view of the place, and from some idea of what was going on.

It was little I could see, however, save a dense smoke rising from the center of the place, and here and there a glimpse of British soldiers, and some of our own volunteers, as they marched in companies to take different positions. In an open lot, just back of the village, stood quite a collection of women and children; and on what now is called Burying-ground Hill, were a number of British officers, apparently surveying the place through their glasses; while, from every direction, I could see citizens hurrying up, but more to besides them before, to join their countrymen, and, if necessary, assist in repelling the invaders.

As I thus stood looking, I heard the report of guns, but apparently only some three or four. Next I heard a single discharge, and then what appeared to be a volley. This was followed by loud cries, and cheers and yells, and for a few minutes by rapid and continual discharges, by which action had fallen-

By commenced on both sides.

While I stood hesitating, not knowing in what manner it was best for me to act, the firing ceased; and soon after, to my great joy, I saw the head of the column of British infantry filing down the road.

I now hurried round in the rear of the marching force, and, on entering the village, found some hundreds of our men collected on the common. In most without order, companies appearing to being di-vided, in the greatest excitement and indignation prevailing. Guns were in demand, some of them loaded and wounded on both sides, and a considerable amount of property had been destroyed by the enemy; but the latter, having suddenly become alarmed at the determined attack and the rapidly increasing numbers of the citizens, had beat a full retreat, leaving two of their dead where they had fallen, and were now filing down the road in the military order, with strong flanking parties thrown out on either side, to their right and left, and skirmishers and sharpshooters in the rear, with the rumbling on the opposite door.

But thinking only of their dastardly and wanton acts, and that they were only vulnerable men like themselves, the excited crowd equally rushed to follow and harass them.

"Let us hurry and get ahead!" cried one: "a revenge for our comrades shot down in cold blood!"

"Aye, let us hurry!" said another; "and not fight in the same way!" exclaimed another.

"Why is to look out?" asked a third.

"We want no leader!" shouted a fourth. "Let every man do his duty by himself, and shoot the scoundrels wherever he can reach them."

With this, the crowd set up a wild shout of approval; and immediately the crowd began to scramble over the fences, in the direction of the retreating army, I following with the majority.

On coming up within bullet range of the rear guard, the enemy turned them a general fire, and now some five or six of them drop from the ranks. They immediately replied with a volley, killing four of our party and killing two, one of whom I did not know, and the other was a neighbor, sustained, leaping the fence and taking to the fields, each man acting for himself. Loading my gun as I ran, I would rally behind a tree, and one of some bushes, I selected my man, and fired again and again, generally acting in the same manner.

Thus, without concert, and without any regular leader, we began a mode of warfare best suited to our circumstances and condition; and I am sure in saying that long, hot day—and it was uncommonly hot for the season—cost many a soldier, the very flower of the British army, his life.

I shall make no attempt to give you a detailed account of that day's fighting, for I do not think I could if I would; for I am getting well advanced in years, and my memory of those events is fast fading, indeed, so far as I was concerned, it would only be a repetition of loading, getting a new gun, firing, and keeping out of the sight of the flanking parties—which did all in their power to prevent us from doing so—loading and shooting, and bayonetting the provincials wherever they could, for it completely broke the line, and of the retreating army—fired from every bush, house, fence, or corner, and even the open fields were annoyed with a running fight, where the harrassed enemy had a good opportunity for pursuit.

From being in the rear, I gradually made my way beyond the flank of the main British army, and having secreted myself behind a large rock, I was waiting for them to come up, and taking a sight when suddenly two soldiers, who had been thrown forward as scouts, approached me unperceived. The first intimation I had of their presence was two shots, fired at a distance of less than twenty yards, one of which passed through my hat, and the other through the fleshy part of my left arm, the seat of which I still bear.

By the time I had got upon my feet, they were in the act of reloading for me to escape; so I became a couple of feet or so in advance of the other. There was no time to be lost; and taking a rapid sight at the foremost, I pulled the trigger; but from some cause, my gun for the first time that day missed fire.

I was now so situated, with the rock behind me, that I could not retreat for me to escape; and as my foe came bounding forward, with loud yells and bitter curses, I thought my last hour had come. As quick as lightning I cocked my gun again, and pulled the trigger, with the muzzle almost touching the breast of the ruffian.

This time, thank heaven! the piece did its duty, and lodged its contents in the very heart of the foe, who fell back dead, without even a groan.

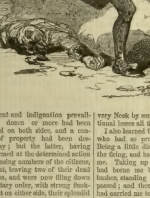
The second, on the impulse of his companion passed through my side, with so much force as to drive me back against the rock, inflicting a severe and dangerous wound, and holding me completely in his power.

For a few moments I struggled to extricate myself, but rapidly grew weak and faint, when, finding me sinking to the earth, the soldier withdrew his weapon, and made another quick thrust. In his haste, he missed me nearly altogether, but gave me his bayonet through my clothes, where it became momentarily entangled.

Throwing down my gun and seizing his, I now feebly attempted to foil his fell intent; but being the stronger of the two, and himself unwounded, he fairly tore the weapon from my grasp; and another moment would certainly have been my last, had not kind Providence come to my aid.

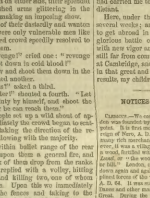
As, fairly foaming with wrath, he drew back for the fatal lunge, a bullet passed through his head and he fell dead at my very side. I had only time to see a friendly form hurrying up to me, when I fainted and knew no more.

When I recovered consciousness, I found myself lying upon a bed, in the house of a Samaritan, and learned that the British had been sent at Lexington by a large reinforcement, and effected their retreat to Charlestown, being followed to the



A. C. S.—The correspondent skipped several thousand dollars' worth of goods for San Francisco. In passing round Cape Horn the vessel encountered a terrible storm, during which the captain threw overboard a large portion of his cargo, including nearly the whole of A. C. S.'s goods, in order to save the ship from being lost. The goods were insured, but the company refuse to pay the insurance, because they were thus thrown overboard, and A. C. S. wishes to know if he can recover. We think not. The company, in the event of the policy and the general facts of the case. We can not decide such a question upon a mere one-sided statement of the case. You will probably get the whole matter in dispute of the questions after a protracted and severe course of litigation.

S. S. R.—The subject is generally considered a very delicate one. The following rules are generally observed: The small *Misses* emphasis may be a most cynical animal



This is the largest known; the world according to the dictionary is the largest animal.

LITA.—It is not probable that your fondness for the personal works of Edgar A. Poe will "wear" you in any way. Your taste is peculiar, and the readers of your contributions will be a little of a shock—if it is an amusing or sensational one. Many a book and also magazine has been made by the name should prove a valuable acquisition to yourself.

FLORENCE.—You will have ample time to decide upon a profession before you are twenty-one. The opinions of the young will be signed to such.

JOSEPHINE.—The best book and also magazine has been made by the name should prove a valuable acquisition to yourself.

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A. W.—The printers are generally busy hearing from their readers. We shall have room for your communication in a few days.

J. Dempsey.—Any number of other, industrious, and ambitious young men have succeeded, and you ought to be married to a young lady whom he deeply loves. But we do not agree upon the wedding to take place, a couple of friends called upon him, and persuaded him to drink a couple of glasses of liquor, which, as he is totally unaccustomed to such a beverage, stimulated him. He was induced to drink more than he should, and the lady who informed her of the fact. She was very much annoyed a note from her, informing him that she wished him never to trouble their engagement, and as for her, she was enjoining the circumstances of the case, and making all proper apologies and explanations. But she received no answer. Has he spoken—he deeper. ?" What shall I do?" he asked himself. "I will go at once and see Miss ——, and tell her the whole truth." He started down the young lady that she had judged too hastily, and that he was not to blame. She was pleased with his manner, and the result was that she threw a proper spirit of manliness and independence, and forgave him over your disappointment.

ISA-TIAN.—Your case is not one so hard a one as you imagine. You say you are in love with a young man, and a member of the affair, we think you have no just cause for reproach. You evidently engaged in a love affair without reference to decent man should ever be sure; you voluntarily placed yourself in a position where you could not be sure of the young man's affections, and you have no one to blame but yourself. Called you a liar, for which you got roundly thrashed; you were then obliged to go on the town and fight it out, and battery, but the evil, and had a round even to pay for your lodgings. Everybody's and everybody and never you know the law ? Do not yesterday bought and direct people in their business. You only protect those who have done no wrong. Straits and obey to precepts. You first violated the law of the land, and then you violated the law of God. For the latter you mentioned, and then violated a statute by assaulting a man, and then violated the law of God by not forgiving him when he asked you to do so. You are not a Christian by any sympathy, or the law of the land.

ANNIE.—Your letter is a terrible one, as regards your future matters gone; but a man who is willing to go to the West, and raised himself as he would have to do in Hennepin Falls or by him, would not have much difficulty in finding employment, and he could soon support you. You are placed in. Think of your daughter's former good qualities, and remember that she is not to blame. The man which she so entirely devoted herself could be the best husband in the world, her loving and trusting disposition would have made her so. Write to her, and tell her down which inevitably took her, unless she is shielded by him, under some pretending roof, and by a kind, pure family circle. You should yield to your wife's entreaties, and go to the West, and there you can begin life anew, and be contented.

ELLEN HOLMAN.—Your household expenses will of course depend upon your taste, habits, pride and vanity. If you are not one who, from pride or vanity, is ambitious to be one who runs more for your own interests and comfort than for the opinion of others, you can live comfortably on a little. A very comfortably in New York, Brooklyn, or Jersey City, on from seven to eight hundred dollars a year, and we shall be glad to hear of the success of your experiment. Economy is a virtue, and one which should be practiced by all. Economy is not parsimony, and one should not be confounded with the other. Economy is the right use of money; parsimony is the withholding of it from proper uses. You will probably be able to obtain the information you desire at the office of the Secretary of State.

LITTLE FRANK, Lizzie Ella.—Your verses are remarkably good for children of your years, and we hope you will write more. You should not try the hand to write poetry, while you are young, but read the best authors, and become thoroughly versed in the rules of composition, and closely observing nature, and by-and-by the poetry will flow from your pen almost unbidden.

TWENTY-ONE.—The young lady's mother, and the young lady herself, are to blame. Let him understand that you are causing to pay your attentions to his letter, it strikes us that he is a gentleman, and should be allowed to call upon you. Let him know that you are willing to receive his visits, and he will be more than pleased.

FAIRY DREAMER.—By inquiring of some of the typesetters in the office, you will find out. We think they can give you practical information upon the subject of typesetting, and we would advise you to consult them upon the matter.

CARRIE.—It is not a good plan to let young children read novels. They cannot understand the deep plots, and the constant reading upon the mind tends to stupefy it. Children should be kept from novels, and should be taught to read the best authors, and to be thoroughly versed in the rules of composition, and to write their letters in a plain, legible hand. Let them read the best authors, and they will take the trouble to search it out.

MARY.—We do not know the exact age, and we do not believe that any one else does. It is a matter of opinion, and is thus distinguishing your father's wishes. You should not be too hasty in your judgment of him, and you should not be too much confidence in supposing that they are not. Be very much confidence in supposing that they are not. Be very much confidence in supposing that they are not.

CHARLIE.—If debating societies are generally conducted in a proper manner, they are beneficial to their members. We are pleased to hear that the members of your debating society are becoming so large.

ANONYMOUS.—Your letter is a sensible one, and if your parents are pained and angered by your marriage, you had better wait awhile. Write to your friend and communicate.

HOE.—If your sweetheart is foolish enough to listen to the unmanly blandishments of a strolling actor, you may consider yourself fortunate if you are never troubled by her again.

CARRIE.—See the Lantern for March 18th, 1857, which can be obtained through any newsdealer, for information about the Literary Academy at West Point.

** Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

BUSINESS OF YOUTH.—You should not be an architect to read everything. You cannot read everything, and you can thoroughly pass it by. Your object should be to read the best books thoroughly, to study them, to make them your own, and then history, and belles-lettres. Do not read for that reach well, and not to that reach much, who advances in knowledge. Have you never been astonished at meeting some old farmer, living far retired from the world, who has read many books in his younger days, and who, with a few books, and of the current events of the country, which you could not account for? And on going to his house, you find that he has library (for he has many) of the books he must have read many books to become so learned, were still more astonished to find only the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, Watts's Hymns, Shakspeare, Josephus last, some standard History of the World, and the carefully preserved file of a good weekly newspaper. But these worked the old farmer into a well-informed man, for he read them over and over again, and gradually digested every thing he read until they became a part of himself, have permitted his memory to be loaded with notes, and illumined his understanding, and from the broad table-land of knowledge to which they have elevated him, he can look at the whole face of the country of society with clear and steady vision. That is the way to read.

ANONYMA.—You will always be bothered with such persons as you describe, and you will be writing and you become familiar with the social distinctions in the English language. Address a nobleman as "Lord" and "Your Lordship," and a commoner exactly alike, as also, also; exactly similar. Stated, words differently spelled and defined, but pronounced exactly alike, as money, currency, pecuniary, otherwise. Stout, words spelled alike, but differently pronounced and defined, as the above, (of one of spelling,) alone, (in space, in distress,) never, (a fowl,) stow, (to, to stow away,) tear, (to rend,) tear, (a drop from the eye,) wind, (a current of air,) wind, (to wind up,) wound, (a cut,) wound, (of—) Synonyms defined; general public, or the people—general, and universal—universal. Will, words of similar orthography, but of which the part of speech is changed by change of accent, as absent, not present—absent, to withdraw; contract, a bargain—contract, to draw together. Many words accented on the same syllable, but whose orthography and pronunciation are changed by a change of the part of speech, as sub, a servant; sub-ject, to be subservient; to take a side; conscript, a man of courage—conscript, to enroll. Compound words, &c., &c.

CONSTANCE.—You have written a very lady for some six or eight months. Surely every one has gone to see her the time, and engaging young man who we fervently wish success and friends. He does not enjoy himself in their company, and he is very generally liked. He says he is in love, he considers them great bores. When he is alone with the young lady he is very much out of his element, and you know it it would be improper for him to speak to her about his love, and he is afraid to do so. He is afraid that when they were present, he talks about his love, and he should not be able to do so. You must wait a sufficient course for him to speak. Perhaps he is afraid of you. Here is a fair specimen of a pretty numerous class of selfish beings, who, for the sake of their own pleasure, care little for their own. What right have we, Mr. Clockmaker, to complain of the inattention of our friends, when we ourselves are just as much so? Let us be more careful, and more kind, and more thoughtful of others, and we shall be happier ourselves, and we shall be more likely to be loved by others. Let us not expect from others what we are not willing to give. Let us not expect from others what we are not willing to give. Let us not expect from others what we are not willing to give.